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THE

LIFE

OF

ROBERT BRUCE

KING OF

SCOTS.

A POEM,

By JOHN HARVEY M. A.

----*FUIMUS* Troes, *fuit* Ilium, *& ingens*
Gloria Teucrorum, *ferus omnia* Jupiter Argos
Tranſtulit. VIRG. Æn. 2.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by JOHN CATANACH, in *Wariſton's* Cloſs, oppoſite to the *Luckenbooths.* MDCCXXIX.

Edr 1743

THE
LIFE
OF
ROBERT BRUCE
KING OF
SCOTS.
A POEM.

By John Harvey M.A.

—NUMQUE Tros, Rutulusve fuat, &c. Ilium
Omnia Tractorum, post cana Saecula Vates
Venturo. VIRG. Æn. 1.

EDINBURGH
Printed by John Catanach, in Hyndford's Close, opposite to
the Tolbooth. MDCCXCIX.

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TO

The Right Honourable,

The Lord BRUCE.

My LORD,

THE enſuing Poem preſumes to ſhelter it ſelf under your Patronage, not upon Account of its Merit, but in Confidence of its Title. ROBERT BRUCE was born to make his own Way to Greatneſs and to Renown, to become the Love and Aſtoniſhment of Mankind, and hath, in a Manner, ſecur'd the Succeſs of any honeſt and tolerable Endeavour in his Behalf. Whilſt

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others may ſtrain hard to diſtinguiſh their HEROES and themſelves, the leaſt Attempt in his Favour ſhines back upon the Author, and gilds him with the Reflections of his Glory.

UNKNOWN, My Lord, but thus ſupported, I have ventur'd into your Preſence; 'Tis thus I have dar'd to be bold, in Spite of my Imperfections and Obſcurity. Nor am I ignorant of the Danger and Delicacy that attends ſuch an Eſſay, as is that of the *Life* of ROBERT BRUCE King of SCOTS; the very Mention of whoſe Name can conſign to Fame, or condemn to Infamy for ever. A Name! that hath long ago diſarm'd Malice and Flattery at once; and hath ſet it ſelf equally above Libel and Panegyric!

I ſhall hope the beſt. I'm ſure I have meant well, and, Your Lordſhip knows, Perfection is no Prerogative of Humanity.

IF his Character then can affect at ſuch a Rate the leaſt Remembrance of him, even in an obſcure Perſon

Perſon and a Stranger; what Glory muſt it diffuſe amongſt his Kindred, what Honours derive upon his Poſterity? Your noble Family, My Lord, need not have Recourſe to the Herauld-Office for a *Coat*, or an *Eſcutcheon*; You have many a gallant Field to furniſh out the *Device*, and BANNOCKBURN to diſtinguiſh the *Bearing*. The Deſcendents of ROBERT BRUCE need not envy thoſe Actions that are handed down to us in the ſounding Rhetoric of *Greece*, or that appear in the brighteſt Pomp of *Roman* Eloquence. By him the Laurels of *Marathon* have been rival'd on the Banks of *Forth*, nor do the *Grampian* Plains give Way to thoſe of *Pharſalia*.

IT is not, My Lord, the Intent of this Addreſs, to encroach upon your Time, or to run a Length of Encomium equally nauſeous and ſuſpected. All my Deſign is to beg your Lordſhip's Protection to an Eſſay on the Reign of your great Anceſtor; one of the moſt renown'd Princes (as BUCHANNAN, no very great Friend

to Monarchy, owns) that ever ſway'd a Sceptre.

I hope his Character has ſuffer'd as little in my Hands, as it has by any former Attempt this Way. And if You can find any Account in the Peruſal of theſe Sheets, *That*, with the continued Honour and Happineſs of Your Illuſtrious Family, (now the only Rival of its great Originals, HUNTINGTON and CARRICK) ſhall complete the Satisfaction of,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Obedient, and

Devoted Servant,

John Harvey.

THE

PREFACE.

I *Do not pretend, in the following Sheets, to present the Reader with an* Epic Poem. *All I presume is, That I have wrote something in Imitation of one, as will, I hope, appear from the subsequent Hints. To begin then with the Action, it ought to be founded on Historical Truth, or may be founded upon* Fable. *The Patrons for the absolute Necessity of* Fable *have the whole Current of Antiquity against them. For when they have thrown* Lucan *and* Statius *out of the Class of* Epic Writers *among the Ancients, and* Tasso *and* Milton *among the Moderns, because their Poems were not founded upon Fiction; yet unluckily the* Iliad *and* Æneid *stand in the Way, built upon certain Fact, upon true and undeniable History.*

That the Æneid *is grounded upon Fact, is plain from the joint Testimony of all the* Roman *Historians. The Account of* Æneas *his coming into* Italy, *settling there, and giving the first Rise to the* Roman *State, which was founded by his Successors about Three hundred Years after him, has been confirmed by the general Voice of Antiquity for upwards of Two thousand Years,*

Years, and is only oppos'd by a ſupercilious Critic or Two, who would pretend (in Order to be ſingular and conſequently diſtinguiſh'd) that Æneas *never came into* Italy. *I have not Time to enter into the Merits of their Side of the Queſtion; nor do I think it neceſſary, ſince the Majority on Ours muſt determine the Caſe, and render the Aſſertion of a ſingle Perſon or two, of very little or no Moment at all.*

That the Iliad *is likeways founded upon Hiſtorical Truth, is plain from the unanimous Conſent of all Antiquity. And if we ſhou'd reject ev'ry Account beſides, yet we never can that of* Dares Phrygius, *and* Dictys Cretenſis, *who both ſerv'd at the Siege of* Troy, *the one on the* Trojan *Side, the other on the* Grecian, *under* Idomeneus *King of* Crete. *This laſt was particularly enjoin'd by that Prince, to write the Memoirs of ſo remarkable a Siege; which he did in* Phœnician *Characters, upon the Barks or rather Rhinds of* Linden *Trees; and ordering at his Death a Copy to be interr'd with him in a Tin Cheſt, it was done at* Gnoſſus, *the Place of his Birth and Burial. But his Grave having been afterwards thrown open by an Earthquake, ſome Peaſants found the Cheſt, and deliver'd it to their Maſter* Eupraxides, *by whom it was carried to* Rutilius Rufus *the* Roman *Proconſul in thoſe Parts, and by him ſent to* Nero *the Emperor, who commanded the Hiſtory to be tranſlated into* Greek, *the* Latin *Verſion whereof is now in every Body's Hands. So that we ſee the two only* Epic Poems (*at leaſt thoſe that are allow'd for ſuch*) *are founded on real Hiſtorical Truth, and as certain Fact, as is the Poem called, The Life of* Robert Bruce *King of* Scots.

The Time of Action (*beginning at the Battle of* Methuen, *which fell out according to* Buchanan, *on the* 13*th of the* Cal. *of* Auguſt, *or the* 18*th of* July, *to the Battle of* Bannock-

nockburn, *which happen'd on the* 21*ſt of* June *after*) *comprehends* 11 *Months and ſome Days.*

The Action it ſelf is One, according to the ſtricteſt Rules. The particular Attempts of James Douglas, Edward Bruce, Thomas Randolf, *&c. make up the different Epiſodes, which are all ſubſervient to the grand Action.*

I hope the Moral is as clear, and as plainly deducible from the Subject, as can poſſibly be deſired. Piety, Patience, and Courage, are inculcated on the Reader from the Character of Robert Bruce, *where they ſhone in ſo conſpicuous a Manner. The Pride, the Violence, and Tyranny of his foreign Enemies, the Treachery, the Villany, and at laſt the total Ruin of his rebellious Subjects, are ſet in their proper Light. The firſt Part to be imitated by every Prince, the latter to be deteſted by every Perſon that's honeſt, and a Lover of his Country.*

As to the Number of Books in an Heroic Poem, *there can, I preſume, be no ſtated Rule. Or if there is, and if* Homer *be the Standard,* Virgil *is in the Wrong. But* Homer *cannot be the Standard, nor was the* Iliad *ever divided by him into Books, but ſung or recited in little broken Sketches, call'd by the Greeks* Rhapſodies; *and were ſo handed about, till* (*becauſe they contain'd excellent Maxims both civil and military*) *they were collected by* Lycurgus *the great Lawgiver of the* Spartans, *and after him digeſted into that Order they now appear in amongſt us, by* Solon *and others.*

Machines are Parts of a Poem introduc'd upon extraordinary Occaſions. When a Difficulty occurs that exceeds all Probability of being unravel'd by human Means, then the Poet muſt have Recourſe to ſome ſuperior Power, whoſe Intervention is requiſite for clearing the Embarraſsment. I have intro-

introduc'd them but ſparingly, and never, I think, but upon Neceſſity.

As to the Manners and Characters I hope they are pretty evenly preſerv'd, but I leave the Judgment of the whole to the Reader.

There are two Lines, B. 3. P. 186 L. laſt, *miſplac'd by Inadvertency. The laſt muſt be read firſt.*

I have us'd the Word South'ron *as it was a Term in thoſe Days, peculiarly appropriated by the* Scots *to the* Engliſh, *upon Account of their Situation in Reſpect to them; and becauſe it has more of the Air of thoſe Times than the ordinary modern Appellation. And where the Word* Southern *is made Uſe of (which I think is but once) it denotes the South Parts of* Scotland. *I do not remember any Thing further worth obſerving; where any Eſcapes do occur, the Reader may pardon or correct them as he thinks fit.*

A LIST

A

LIST

OF

The Names of *Subscribers.*

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Walter Home *of* Baſſendean, *Eſquire*,
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Some of the above Names, having come to Hand ſince the others were printed off, could not be inſert in their proper Places.

To the *Author.*

BRight, as from Chaos *ſprung the Univerſe,*
Shines Scotland's *Hero in your poliſh'd Verſe:*
And as, from Thraldom and Oppreſſion, He
Majeſtick roſe his native Land to free;
With equal Vigour, and as glorious Rage,
Thro' the rude Gibberiſh of a barb'rous Age,
You march and fetch his noble Acts to Light,
In Numbers daring as himſelf in Fight.
Let carping Critics, Foes, yet Friends to Fame,
Their utmoſt do thy well-meant Work to blame;
Such is the Temper of thy Manly Page,
As ſoothes their Venom and reſtrains their Rage;
Foil'd like the Foes of the Great BRUCE, You ſing,
Submiſſive they retreat, and own the Victor King.
Such is thy Work by Oppoſition made,
And ſuch the Glory round it vanquiſh'd Critics ſhed.

W. P.

THE

LIFE

OF

ROBERT BRUCE King of *Scots.*

BOOK I.

WHILST I, unequal, tempt the mighty Theme,
And riſe, advent'rous, to the BRUSSIAN Name;
Whilſt in my Soul a filial Ardour reigns,
To ſing the HERO ſweating on the Plains;
Immers'd in Ills, and long with Foes beſet,
By Caution now, now deſperately great;

Be preſent, PHOEBUS, in the op'ning Scenes,
Inſpire my Thoughts, and regulate my Strains;
Tell how the HERO triumph'd o'er his Foes,
Grew in Diſtreſs, and on his Dangers roſe.

IN former Ages, and in ancient Reigns,
When Senſe and Honour grac'd *Ierne*'s Plains;
When her high Monarchs and her HEROES ſtood,
In Streams of *Cimbrian* and of *Saxon* Blood;
Proud of her Sons, old *Caledonia* dar'd
The haughty Foe, nor foreign Inſult fear'd.
Her Monarchs then, to lineal Honours grew,
And Conqueſt grac'd each HERO's awful Brow.

IN

[*Grac'd* Ierne's *Plains.*] *Ierne*, from the old *Gallician* Word *Eryn* or *Heryn*, ſignifies a Country that lies towards the Weſt; It is commonly taken for that Part of *Scotland* called *Strathern*, and figuratively for the whole Nation.

[*In Streams of* Cimbrian *and of* Saxon *Blood.*] *Cimbri* was the ancient Name of that Warlike People, now call'd the *Danes*, who overrun many Nations, conquer'd *England*, but received ſo frequent Overthrows in this Country, That *Scotland* was call'd *Danorum Tumulus*, the Grave of the *Danes*.

[*Old* Caledonia *dar'd.*] *Caledonia*, properly taken for that Part of *Scotland* which runs along the Face of the Hills, from *Aberdeen* into *Cumberland*, and figuratively for the whole.

IN thoſe remoter Times (as Fame hath ſaid)
A Prince renown'd th' *Albanian* Sceptre ſway'd;
Well fram'd his Perſon, and well form'd his Soul,
True Majeſty and Mercy tun'd the Whole.
Unhappy Day! wherein the Wiſe, the Great,
Upon thy Banks, O *Forth*, reſign'd to Fate!
May that dire Day be from our Annals torn,
Nor let the Sun once cheer the guilty Morn.
Since then, What Slaughter rag'd on SCOTIA's Shore,
And drench'd the Mother in the Children's Gore?
What dire Oppreſſion on her Mountains reign'd?
What Blood and Rapine all her Valleys ſtain'd?
The barb'rous Marks of curſt Tyrannic Sway,
Of lawleſs Might, and Kingly Perjury.

[*A Prince renown'd.*] *Alexander* III. who died of a Fall from his Horſe at *Kingborn*. [*Albanian, &c.*] From *Albin* or *Albinich*, the Name given to *Scotland* by the *Highlanders*.

[*What dire Oppreſſion*, &c.] No Body needs to be inform'd of *Edward* I. of *England*'s being choſen Arbiter in the Controverſy betwixt *Bruce* and *Baliol*, for the Crown of *Scotland*, his unjuſt Uſurpation, and the Miſeries that Kingdom was reduced to by his Means.

Beneath her Ills, old *Caledonia* groans,
Mourns her waſte Cities and her ſlaughter'd Sons;
Beholds unnumber'd Legions crowd her Strand,
And Luſt and Havock ravage all the Land.
Greatly diſtreſs'd! impatient of the Day,
Slow to a *Grampian* Cave ſhe bends her Way;
There, like ſome ruin'd Pile, great in Decay,
Sunk in her Woes, the ſacred Matron lay;
Deep in the Grott, upon a Moſſy Bed,
Silent reclines her venerable Head.
Solemn in Grief, Majeſtic in Deſpair,
Thus waits till theſe dire Accents reach'd her Ear,

The barb'rous Foe now triumphs on thy Shore,
And the fam'd Caledonia *is no more.*

Unhappy

[*Slow to a* Grampian *Cave, &c.*] The Mountains of *Granzeben*, commonly call'd the *Grampian* Hills, run from *Aberdeen* in the North, to *Dumberton* in the Weſt; and contain the Braes of the *Mearns*, *Angus*, *Perth*-ſhire, and the *Lennox*, and ſeveral Countries beſide.

[*Old* Caledonia &c.] This Proſopopœia or Fiction of Perſons, every Reader knows to be common, eſpecially in Poetry.

Unhappy Sound! the Matrons doleful cries,
Affail th' Immortals, and fatigue the Skies.
At laſt, Omnipotence beholds our Ills,
And Pity ſtreight th' Eternal Boſom fills.
'Twas Night; but where, above yon azure Skies,
Empyreal Domes on flaming Columns riſe;
High arch'd with Gold, with blazing Em'raulds bright,
Far thro' the Void diffuſe a purple Light;
There ſhining Regions feel no fading Ray,
Loſt in the Splendors of Eternal Day.
Enthron'd amidſt the ſtrong Effulgence, ſat
The Pow'r Supreme! ſurrounding Spirits wait.
He calls the Guardian of the *Scottiſh* Sway,
And ARIEL haſtens thro' the Choirs of Day.
Then from the Throne, th' *Immortal* Silence broke,
(Trembled the ſolid Heav'ns as he ſpoke)
Fly ARIEL, fly, and let a Guardian's Hand,
Prevent the Ruin of his fav'rite Land;

Old

[*Fly*, Ariel, *fly*, &c.] 'Tis hoped the Reader will allow the Juſtice of this Piece of Machi-

Old *Caledonia*, once thy pious Care,
O'errun with Blood, with Ravage and Deſpair,
Old *Caledonia* ! ſunk beneath her Ills,
With her loud Cries th' Eternal Manſions fills.
Haſte, and the Youth, whom Heav'n hath choſe, inſpire
With filial Duty, and with martial Fire;
Arm his intrepid Soul to ſave the State,
Preſerve his Mother, and reverſe her Fate.

He ſpoke. The Seraph bows, and wings his Way,
Swift o'er the Realms of unextinguiſh'd Day;
Down thro' the lower Spheres directs his Flight,
And ſails, incumbent, on inferior Night.

Where

Machinery, becauſe of its Neceſſity. *Scotland* was now reduced, in a Manner, beyond all human Means of Recovery. Nothing cou'd ſave it, but the Intervention and Influence of ſome ſuperior Power. This, the Author, with Submiſſion, thought a *dignus vindice nodus*, a Difficulty that required ſuch an Interpoſal, and conſequently introduced the Machine.

[*Haſte, and the Youth*, &c.] Sir *William Wallace* of *Ellerſly*, who ſtood for the Liberties of *Scotland*, in Oppoſition to the Uſurpation of *Edward* I. The Reader will pleaſe to obſerve here, That the Author deſigns not a particular Detail of the Actions of Sir *William Wallace*, but only ſo far as they immediately concern the Affairs of *Robert Bruce*. And therefore, he brings *Wallace* directly to the Battle of *Falkirk*, where, in a Conference with that Prince, he lays before him the treacherous Deſigns of the *Engliſh* King, and convinces him of his own Loyalty to his Country, and the Bruſſian Intereſt.

WHERE *Tay*, thro' verdant Valleys rolls his Waves,
And fair *Æneia*'s fruitful Borders laves;
Rear'd on its Margin old *Alectum* ſtands,
Whoſe riſing Spires o'erlook the neighb'ring Lands.
The youthful HERO here all ſilent lay,
And in ſoft Slumbers lull'd the Cares of Day.
With Speed th' Immortal Nuncio hither flies,
And FERGUS' Air and Shape his Form diſguiſe.
Approaching ſoft, his wond'ring Eyes he fix'd
On the young HERO's Bloom, with manly Vigour mix'd;
But ſaw, while Slumbers thus his Limbs inveſt,
Short Sighs and Groans, alternate, heave his Breaſt.
His Country's Wrongs ſtill in his Boſom roll,
Invade his Dreams, and rack his gen'rous Soul.

'TWAS now the aerial Miniſter began,
And in great FERGUS' Voice addreſt the Man.
Ariſe, my Son, thy dauntleſs Arm oppoſe
To this vaſt Deluge of thy barb'rous Foes.

Involv'd in Blood, ſee, thy dear Country lies,
And her loud Plaints have reach'd the pitying Skies.
To thee, O Youth Divine! whom Fate decrees
Reſtorer of thy Country's Liberties;
To thee this ſacred Charge from Heav'n I bring,
Commiſſion'd by the Gods Eternal King.
Rouſe then, my Son, exert thy warlike Pow'r,
And drive the Foe from this unhappy Shore;
Date thy Renown from this auſpicious Day,
And ſave from Ruin the *Fergusian* Sway.
He ſaid; and mounting in a Blaze of Light,
The Seraph reaſcends the Empyreal Height.

By this Aurora, in her Chariot drawn,
Had ting'd the ruddy Eaſt, and bluſh'd the Dawn.
When call'd by Heav'n, to manage Heav'n's Deſigns,
In glitt'ring Steel, the *Ellerſian* Hero ſhines.
Born to chaſtiſe the Pride of perjur'd Kings,
Quick to the Field, the youthful Warriour ſprings.

While

While higher Names (a baſe degen'rate Crowd)
Stain their proud Titles, and diſgrace their Blood:
For factious Ends, their Country's Rights forego,
Treach'rous retire, or, impious, aid the Foe.
Others more honeſt, but by Pow'r oppreſt,
Had tamely purchas'd an inglorious Reſt;
Only a few, whoſe Thoughts, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
And with the ſacred Love of Freedom fir'd;
Bravely diſdain'd the proud Uſurper's Sway,
Nor Fraud nor Force, their gen'rous Souls betray.
Theſe on their Country's Freedom fix their Eyes.
And Threats and Promiſes alike deſpiſe.
Immortal Chiefs! who (if my artleſs Rhime
Can gain upon the Injuries of Time)
Shall live, to late Poſterity renown'd,
With Wreaths of everlaſting Laurel crown'd.
AMONGST the Firſt, the brave *Limonian* Thane,
And *Hay* and *Lauder* glitter'd on the Plain.

[Limonian *Thane.*] Earl of *Lennox.*

The daring *Seton*, and the faithful *Boyd*,
Dauntleſs approach, and cloſe the HERO's Side.
Ramſay and *Lyle*, and *Stuart* of Race divine,
In awful Pomp, and dreadful Honours ſhine.
Crawford, and *Campbel* (long a loyal Name)
Array'd in Steel, to that Aſſembly came.
The *Keith* and *Murray*, with their ſhining Shields,
And *Baird* and *Barclay*, loyal, grace the Fields.
Each Warriour led a ſmall, but honeſt Band,
Fix'd to the Intereſts of his native Land.
Cuming approach'd, Ten thouſand in his Train,
The fatal Ruin of the future Plain.
The *Gordon*, to a Length of Honours born,
Ruthven and *Ker* the Rendezvous adorn.
Cleland and *Auchinleck*, a faithful Pair,
Haſte to the Field, and, gen'rous, aid the War.
Now laſt of all appears upon the plain,
The Love and Wonder of the Warlike Train,

Intre-

Intrepid *Graham*! the Martial Pomp to crown,
Array'd in burniſh'd Steel, ſeverely ſhone.
The Chiefs at once the Godlike Man accoſt,
And fondly welcome to the loyal Hoſt.
From out the Throng, the Leader quickly ran,
And to his Boſom preſt the gallant Man:
Hail, deareſt Brother! welcome to my Arms,
Born to redreſs thy ruin'd Country's Harms;
Straight, at thy Preſence, vaniſh all my Cares,
And all my anxious Dread of future Wars.
He ſaid. The Chief, advancing on the Plain,
With graceful Mien ſalutes the Warriour-Train.

By this the Sun had ſhot a fainter Ray,
And down the Weſtern Steep had roll'd the Day;
When to *Falkirk*, enclos'd with verdant Meads,
The gen'rous Hoſt th' *Ellerſlian* Hero leads.
From thence to the *Torwood* their Way they choſe,
And 'midſt its Shades enjoy'd a ſoft Repoſe.

Now o'er the *Ochel*-Heights the riſing Beam,
Darts thro' the ruſtling Leaves a wavy Gleam;
When from the Wood advancing to the Plain,
In Martial Honours ſhone the GRAMPIAN Train.
The daring Leader waves his awful Hand,
And liſt'ning Chiefs in ſilent Order ſtand.
Approaching Squadrons next encloſe the Man,
While from a riſing Ground he thus began.

'IMMORTAL Sons of *Albion*'s ancient Race,
'Whom Faith unſtain'd, and loyal Honours Grace!
'Whoſe noble Anceſtors, undaunted, ſtood
'In Streams of *Cimbrian* and of *Saxon* Blood;
'Whom *Rome*'s Imperial Arms eſſay'd in vain,
'Her Eagles ſhrinking on the bloody Plain;
'Behold, my Friends, your ruin'd Country's Woes,
'And view the Triumphs of her barb'rous Foes.

Gaſping

[*Now o'er the* Ochel-*heights*, &c.] *Ocelli Montes*, the *Ochel*-hills, ly betwixt *Strathern*, *Clackmannan*, and *Kinroſs*-ſhires, and for the moſt Part are all green.

'Gaſping in Death, ſee, *Caledonia* lyes,
'And to the Heav'ns and you for Succour cries.
'You! whom, of all her Progeny, ſhe owns
'Her Genuine Off-ſpring, and her duteous Sons.
'Behold your aged Sires in Fetters pin'd,
'Or to a Dungeon's noyſom Depth confin'd,
'With upcaſt Eyes implore your filial Aid,
'And feebly ſink again the hoary Head.
'Behold our raviſh'd Virgins, and our Youth,
'The Spoils and Victims of the perjur'd South;
'Your ſelves from all your deareſt Pledges torn,
'With Want oppreſt, with Infamy and Scorn;
'Thro' Woods, and Wilds, and lonely Deſarts toſt,
'Expos'd to Summer Suns, and Winter Froſt.
'Whilſt the proud South'ron, by no Power withſtood,
'Pillage your Fortunes, and debauch your Blood.

Unhappy

[*The perjur'd South*, &c.] *Edward* I. of *England* had ſworn to determine impartially in the Controverſy betwixt *Bruce* and *Baliol*; But, breaking that Oath, endeavour'd to uſurp the Sovereignty himſelf.

'Unhappy *Scots*! are all our Heroes fled?
'Our FERGUS' KENNETHS, and our MALCOMS dead?
'Our HAYS, and KEITHS, and our Immortal GRAHAMS,
'And all our glorious ancient Liſt of Names?
'Was it for this thoſe mighty HEROES ſtood
'In Storms of Death, and Crimſon Scenes of Blood?
'Did thoſe Stern Patriots in Battle ſhine,
'To ſave their Country, and ſecure their Line;
'When *Tay* beheld them and the trembling *Forth*,
'Mix in dire Conflict with the Warlike North?
'And ſhall no Son confeſs his gen'rous Sire?
'No Boſom kindle with the glorious Fire?

See

[*Our* FERGUS, KENNETHS, *&c.*] The *Picts* having joyn'd the *Romans* and *Britons* againſt the *Scots*, defeated them in the Field, ſlew their King, and drove the whole Nobility and Gentry out of the Nation. But at laſt, by the Valour and Conduct of *Fergus* II. the *Scots* were reſtor'd, and afterwards engaging the *Picts* under the leading of *M'alpin, alias Kenneth*-More; they overthrew 'em, and purſu'd their Victory to the Extirpation of their Name.

[KENNETHS, MALCOMS, &c.] *Kenneth* III. and *Malcom* II. famous for thoſe dreadful Overthrows they gave the *Danes*.

[HAYS and KEITHS, &c.] A ſhort Account will be given of them in their proper Places.

'See! yonder *Loncarty's* and *Barry's* plain,
'Still red with Carnage of the ſlaughter'd *Dane*!
'Thoſe very Fields where your great Fathers fought,
'And 'midſt a Waſte of Death your Freedom bought.
'Rouſe then, and let thoſe Names your Breaſts inſpire
'With manly Ardour, and with loyal Fire.
'Let your great Fathers all your Souls poſſeſs,
'And dauntleſs Arms your Country's Wrongs redreſs.
'See! where the haughty South, in bright Array,
'From yonder ſhining Plains reflect the Day.
'Behold *Plantagenet*, with awful Pride,
'In burniſh'd Gold amidſt his Squadrons ride!
'Come, gallant Friends, attack the perjur'd Hoſt,
'And drive th' inſulting Legions from our Coaſt.
He ſaid. The Chiefs, obedient, hail the Man,
And thro' the Hoſt conſenting Murmurs ran.

By this the South'ron Trumpets from afar,
In ſhriller Notes proclaim th' advancing War.

The

The daring *Scots* return the Martial Sound,
And from the Hills the loud Allarms rebound.
Approaching now th' embattl'd Squadrons ſtand,
And in ſtern Order glitter on the Strand.
The thickning War, around, obſcures the Fields,
With Groves of Lances arm'd, and boſſy Shields.
As when ſome dusky Cloud o'erſhades the Main,
The Breeze but whiſp'ring o'er the liquid Plain,
Scarce heave the Surges, Ocean ſeems to ſleep,
And a ſtill Horror ſettles on the Deep.
Thus ſilent, the thick Legions form around,
And the dread Battles blacken all the Ground.

BUT here, alas! how ſhall a *Scottiſh* Muſe
Thy fatal Crime, O *Cumbernald*, excuſe?

Fain

[*Thy fatal Crime, O* Cumbernald, &c.] CUMING Earl of *Cumbernald*, had joyn'd the Army at *Falkirk* with Ten thouſand Men. But having himſelf an Eye to the Crown, and either ſuſpecting or diſdaining the Succeſs of Sir *William Wallace*, a private Gentleman, much inferior to his Rank, but then Guardian of *Scotland*, caus'd STUART Lord *Bute* fall out with him about leading the Van of the *Scots* Army; alledging that Poſt was due to his Family. WALLACE inſiſted on

Fain wou'd the Muſe th' ungrateful Theme decline,
Or wipe the Tarniſh from the tainted Line.
Fain wou'd in Silence paſs th' ill omen'd Scene,
The Chiefs embroil'd, and the deſerted Plain.
What direful Woe from wild Ambition ſprings?
The Wreck of Empires, and the Bane of Kings.
Diſcord, with hideous Grin and livid Eyes,
Swift, thro' the Hoſt, on footy Pinions flies.
Diſcord! Ambition's direful Brood, beheld
Ten thouſand treach'rous *Scots* forſake the Field.
Traitors! whoſe Names no Annals ſince have own'd,
Wrapt in diſgraceful Night, in dark Oblivion drown'd.
Urg'd by his Wrongs, and with Reſentment fir'd,
The *Ellerſlian* HERO from the Plain retir'd.
Ten thouſand *Scots* with Tears their Chief attend,
The Sun himſelf ne'er ſaw a braver Band.

on the Privilege of his Office, and they parted from one another in high Chauff. WALLACE drew off his Men, and CUMING having wrought his Deſign, treacherouſly retir'd alſo, and abandon'd Lord STUART to the Fury of the whole *Engliſh* Army.

So great ACHILLES, on the *Phrygian* Strand,
Injur'd by ATREUS' Son's unjuſt Command,
Full of his Wrongs, deſerts his Country's Cauſe,
And all his *Myrmidons* from *Troy* withdraws.
Left in the Field the noble STUART alone,
Before his few, but faithful, Squadrons ſhone.

AND now great *Hartford* thunders on the Plain,
And twice Ten thouſand glitter in his Train.
The hardy *Stuart* abandon'd to his Foes,
Dauntleſs, to meet that dreadful Battle, goes.
Twelve hundred *Scots* (no more had Fate allow'd)
To guard their Lord, around the Standard Crowd.

THE War begins, the blended Clamours riſe,
And Shouts and Groans, promiſcuous, rend the Skies.
The glorious *Bute*, undaunted ſcours the Field,
His doughty Hands a mighty Fauchion wield.
O'er South'ron Necks he hews his horrid Way,
While roll'd in Heaps, expiring Squadrons lay.

Hartford

Hartford beheld his fainting Legions yield,
And *Edward*'s Glory fading in the Field;
Amaz'd, he views the Chief's unbounded Might,
Deſpairs Succeſs, and meditates his Flight.
The *Scots*, by their great Leader's Pattern taught,
Advancing, with redoubled Fury fought.
Back to the Camp Lord *Hartford* wings his Way,
And on the Plain Ten thouſand Victims lay.

IMMORTAL *Stuart*! O were my Boſom fir'd
With Ardours like to thoſe thy Soul inſpir'd,
The Muſe ſhou'd raiſe a Trophy to thy Fame,
Great as thy Worth, and deathleſs as thy Name.
But ſee! where *Bruce*, array'd in Martial Pride,
And crafty BEIK before their Squadrons ride.
Towards the *Scots* they ſhape their dreadful Way,
And Forty thouſand Helms reflect the Day.
Waving in Air the gilded Lion flies,
And the loud Trumpets eccho thro' the Skies.

TIR'D with late Toils, the noble *Bute* beheld
The ſwarming Legions crowd the bloody Field;
Anxious and doubtful view'd their mighty Pow'r,
And the firm Ranks extended on the Shore.
Amaz'd at firſt, his Spirits backward roul,
And by Degrees forſake his gen'rous Soul.
He caſts his Eyes around, but ſees no Aid,
WALLACE is injur'd, and the Traitor fled.
O deadly Guſt of Paſſion! direful Heat!
Dang'rous to all, but fatal to the Great!
In grov'ling Minds but low Reſentment dwells,
And their groſs Blood ſcarce o'er its Chanels ſwells;
Spirits high-born, like Meteors in the Sky,
Ferment in Storms, and round in Ruin fly.
Relentleſs *Ellerſly*! ah, canſt thou ſtand,
And ſee the HERO butcher'd on the Strand?
The HERO! whom ſo recent Laurels crown,
By Numbers and Superior Force undone!

O ſen-

O ſend the God-like *Graham* (and ſave thy Vow)
Or ſend the faithful *Boyd* to his Reſcue;
Or let the gen'rous *Seton*'s Tears prevail
To ſhare the Day, and turn the fatal Scale.
Behold the Chiefs all ſuppliant beg around,
Their Tears in Torrents trickling to the Ground.
In vain. Unmov'd the injur'd Leader ſtands,
Weeps loud, and yet denies their juſt Demands.

WITH eager Haſte approach the *Saxon* Lines,
And in the Front the rev'rend Warriour ſhines.
The noble *Bute* beheld the num'rous Bands,
Whilſt recollected in himſelf he ſtands;
Then rous'd his little Hoſt with freſh Alarms,
And the ſhrill Trumpet ſounds again to Arms.

Secure

[*The reverend Warriour ſhines.*] *Anthony Beik* Biſhop of *Durham*, a great Enemy to the *Scots*, more famous for his Skill in the Arts of War than in the Goſpel of Peace, as a certain Author remarks. This *Prelate* headed 10000 Men at the Battle of *Falkirk*, rais'd by his own Influence and Authority.

Secure of Glory, and a deathleſs Name,
Laviſh of Life, he ruſhes into Fame.

THE Signal giv'n, inflam'd with mutual Rage,
Th' unequal Squadrons furiouſly engage.
Thro' burniſht Steel faſt burſts the ſtreaming Gore,
And rolls, a purple Current, on the Shore.
The cautious *Beik* each various Scene beheld,
Long us'd in War, and harden'd to the Field;
Extends his Ranks, and ſummons freſh Supplies,
And to ſurround the *Scottiſh* HERO tries.
The glorious *Bute* perceiv'd his ſly Deſigns,
And with Stern Rage attack'd the moving Lines.
His manly Arm dealt fell Deſtruction round,
And *Saxon* Crowds lay gaſping on the Ground.
Their Leader's Pattern the bold *Scots* inſpires,
And from their Rage the Rev'rend Chief retires.

BUT now brave *Stuart* beholds a ſhining Train
In thick *Battalia* marſhall'd on the Plain.

To

To ſuccour *Beik*, full Thirty thouſand Spears,
And at their Head the mighty *Bruce* appears.
Diſplay'd againſt his own, the Lions glare,
And martial Trumpets animate the War.
Deluded Prince! ſoon ſhall thy Soul bemone
Thoſe cruel Deeds on *Forth*'s fair Borders done.
The gen'rous *Bute* weeps at the barb'rous Sight,
When awful *Bruce* addreſt him to the Fight;
On his thin Ranks a furious Charge he made,
And roll'd in Heaps on Heaps the mangled Dead.
Now *Stuart* beholds his little faithful Band
Drench'd in their Gore, and gaſping on the Strand;
With Grief recounts their Wonders on the Plain,
Full Twenty thouſand by Twelve hundred ſlain.
Great in Diſtreſs! impatient of the Light,
Reſolv'd to die, he ruſhes to the Fight.
Fraught with Deſpair, he dealt his Blows around,
And South'ron Blood faſt ſtains the Crimſon Ground.

But ſpent with former Toils, o'ermatch'd with Pow'r,
At laſt the HERO ſinks upon the Shore.
Stretcht on the Strand the Godlike Patriot lies,
And ſhades Eternal Settle round his Eyes.

How happy he! who falls amidſt his Foes,
A ſacred Victim to his Country's Cauſe?
What Tears, what Vows attend his parting Breath?
In Life how lov'd! and how ador'd in Death!
Eternal Monuments ſecure his Fame,
And laſting Glory dwells upon his Name!

SOL's fiery Steeds, down from the Noon-day Height,
Thro' weſtern Climes precipitate their Flight.
Expanded Skies the flaming Chariot bore,
And Rays declining gild th' *Heſperian* Shore.
Th' *Elerſian* Chief in burniſht Armour ſtands,
And, beck'ning, round him calls his daring Bands.
Sullen and ſad approach the Warriour-Train,
And, touch'd with Woe, regard the fatal Plain.

When

When thus the Chief. You ſee our Friends are loſt,
By Treaſon murder'd on that bloody Coaſt.
The awful *Bruce* yon mighty Battle leads,
And crafty *Beik* his ſelect Squadrons heads.
See where their haughty King, in dread Array,
Moves from the Camp, and haſtes to ſhare the Day.
Then ſay, What ſhall be done? the Queſtion's nice,
And Fate allows us but a dang'rous Choice.
If for Supplies we ſhou'd to *Lothian* go,
Then furiouſly purſues the num'rous Foe.
Or if to the *Torwood* our Rout we bend,
Thro' *Bruce*'s Hoſt we muſt that Shelter find.
Say then. The Chiefs aſſented to his Will,
What he commanded eager to fulfil.

THE *Hero* then, all dreadful as a God,
To meet the *Bruce*, before his Squadrons rode.
Ten thouſand Spears advancing in his Train
(An Iron Foreſt!) glitter'd o'er the Plain.

By this Lord *Bruce* had rang'd his Warlike Lines,
And at their Head in bloody Armour ſhines.
But O my Muſe, what God ſhall lead the Way?
What Inſpiration guide thee thro' the Day?
To ſing the Chiefs, that never knew to yield,
Engag'd in furious Combat on the Field?
Phœbus! aſſiſt, and all the *Theſpian* Throng,
Conjoyn your Voices, and exalt the Song.

Both Armies now approaching to the Fight,
In blazing Terrors ſhone confus'dly bright.
The ſprightly Trumpet's martial Clangors riſe,
And roll in rattling Ecchoes thro' the Skies.
Glory and Fame each Hero's Soul poſſeſt,
And Death or Triumph breath'd in ev'ry Breaſt.

The War now mingling; fiery Courſers bound,
And ruſhing Squadrons ſhake the trembling Ground.
Thro' poliſh'd Steel faſt ſtreams the reeking Gore,
And Crimſon Torrents drench the purple Shore.

There

There warlike *Bruce* exerts his awful Might,
Here *Wallace* thunders thro' the bloody Fight.
Behold great *Graham* force his reſiſtleſs Way,
Thro' all the Ruins of the dreadful Day.
Here *Seton*, *Hay*, and *Lauder* ſcour the Plain,
There *Boyd* and *Keith* a diſtant Fight maintain.
Yonder brave *Kennedy* in Battle ſtands,
And great *Montgom'ry* joyns his faithful Bands.
The hardy *Frazers* for the Charge prepare,
And dauntleſs *Landie* ruſhes to the War.
See gallant *Oliphant* to Battle ride,
Dundaſs and *Scrimzeour* glitt'ring at his Side.
Yonder the haughty *Turnbul* takes the Field,
And Savage Spoils glare in his Orby Shield.
Johnſtoun and *Rutherford*, and *Blair* and *Gray*,
And *Guthry*, *Scot*, and *Lindſay* ſhare the Day.
Newbigging, *Tinto*, *Little*, grace the Field,
And *Haliday* that well could Weapons wield.

Bold *Haliday*! in War a Noble Man,
Haſtes to his Eme, and combats in the Van.
Thro' hoſtile Ranks they ſcatter Fate around,
And twice Four thouſand gaſp along the Ground.
Quite thro' the South'ron Hoſt, o'er *Carron*'s Flood,
To *Torwood* Shades the *Scots* in Safety rode.
Wallace alone, and *Graham* and *Lauder* ſtay,
Unſated with the Slaughter of the Day;
Greedy of Fame, their fiery Courſers rein,
And drive, impetuous, back unto the Plain.
Three hundred Men to guard the Chiefs prepare,
Inur'd to Blood, and harden'd to the War.
Where *Saxon* Ranks in thickeſt Order ſtood,
With awful Force theſe dauntleſs Warriors rode.
Ere *Bruce* cou'd well the *Scottiſh* Band perceive,
His Legions rally, or juſt Orders give;
With Wounds transfix'd, all weltring in their Gore,
Three hundred *Saxons* ſtrow'd the bloody Shore.

But

[*Eme*,] An old *Scots* Word for *Uncle*.

But now bold *Bruce* his ſtrong Battalions heads,
And Thirty thouſand to the Onſet Leads.
Cozen'd by Fraud, and jealous of his Right,
Wing'd with Revenge, he ruſhes to the Fight.
Three worthy *Scots*, pierc'd by his mighty Hand,
Roul in their Blood, and bite the purple Strand.
Th' *Ellerſlian* Chief with Sorrow ſees them bleed,
And ſwell'd with Rage, he reins the fiery Steed;
Againſt the *Bruce* directs his awful Force,
The *Bruce*, all dreadleſs, meets the HERO's Courſe.
Charg'd in his Reſt a mighty Lance he wore,
And WALLACE' Hand a glitt'ring Fauchion bore.
Together faſt the dauntleſs Warriors ride,
And thro' bright Steel ſoon burſts the bluſhing Tide.
From *Wallace'* Thigh transfix'd faſt flows the Gore,
And BRUCE's Courſer tumbles on the Shore.

The

[*Cozen'd by Fraud*, &c.] The Elder *Bruce* who was Competitor with *Baliol* for the Crown of *Scotland*, was impos'd on by the King of *England*, and made believe that WALLACE deſign'd to uſurp the Sovereignty, which occaſioned his fighting here at *Falkirk* with his Friends and Vaſſals againſt the *Scots*.

The valiant Bands ſoon mount the *Bruce* again,
When *Graham* and *Lauder* thunder'd on the Plain.
Thro' South'ron Ranks theſe HEROES urg'd their Way,
And bore alone the Fury of the Day:
Whilſt *Wallace* ſtood and ſtemm'd his bleeding Wound,
In Heaps the Foe lay ſcatter'd on the Ground.
His Blood now ſtanch'd, the Chief returns anew,
The hardy *Graham* and *Lauder* to reſcue.
To their Relief he rode in all his Might,
But cautious *Beik* advancing to the Fight:
By Numbers overpow'r'd the *Scots* retire,
Nor cou'd great *Graham* reſtrain his Martial Fire;
A burniſh'd Sword in his ſtrong Hand he bore,
And forward ruſhing thro' the Shock of War;
Before the *Bruce* he ſtruck an *Engliſh* Knight,
Where his gay glitt'ring Creſt ſtood poliſh'd bright,
With unreſiſted Force, thro' Helm and Head,
Down to the Collar glanc'd the ſhining Blade.

The

The Knight falls, proſtrate, on the Gorey Ground,
And Blood and Soul ruſh mingled thro' the Wound.
A ſubtil Knight, who ſaw the deadly Blow,
Fir'd with Reſentment, meditates the Foe.
As *Graham* return'd, the crafty Warriour ſpy'd,
Beneath his Armour, a defenceleſs Void.
In at his Back, full aim'd with cautious Care,
Quite thro' his Bowels glides the treach'rous Spear.
The HERO turn'd and ſmote the cruel Foe,
Juſt where the Caſque the Vizor joyns below;
Thro' Steel and Brain faſt ruſh'd the forceful Brand;
The noble *Graham* ſwoons on the bloody Strand:
This lateſt Proof of loyal Valour ſhows,
And greatly falls amidſt his Country's Foes.

WHEN *Ellerſly* the glorious Chief beheld
Bath'd in his Blood, and ſtretcht upon the Field;
What ſudden Pangs his throbbing Soul poſſeſt?
What Rage and Grief, tumultuous, tore his Breaſt?

He

He weeps, he raves, abandon'd to Deſpair,
Then, wing'd with Fury, ruſhes to the War.
Enrag'd, he rides amidſt the thickeſt Foe,
And certain Death deſcends in ev'ry Blow.
Bereft of Reaſon, careleſs of his Life,
Deſp'rate, he urges the unequal Strife;
The bloody Torrents thicken as they flow,
And Heaps of Slaughter the red Level ſtrow.
But now two ſtrong Battalions ſhape their Way,
Their beamy Lances glitt'ring in the Day.
Led by bold *Bruce*, the HERO's Steed they gore,
Faſt bleeds the Courſer on the Crimſon Shore.
Their Spears in Pieces hew'd the Martial Knight,
Then from the Plain precipitates his Flight.
O'er *Carron*'s Flood the wounded Steed him bore,
Then fell down dead upon the farther Shore.

PHOEBUS in weſtern Waves had drench'd his Team,
And the brown Twilight ſhed a dusky Gleam.

To

To *Torwood*-Shades the *Scottiſh* Troops repair;
Wallace and *Ker* alone with equal Care,
Silent on *Carron*'s flow'ry Borders ſtray'd,
Revolv'd the Day, and mourn'd the valiant Dead.
The South'ron too retire, and *Bruce* and *Ray*
Along the nearer Bank purſu'd their Way.
When, thro' the Gloom, upon the diſtant Side,
The hardy *Bruce* the *Scottiſh* Chief eſpy'd.
Where jutting Rocks a ſtraiter Paſſage frame,
Leſſen the Chanel, and contract the Stream.
There *Wallace* heard the Leader call aloud,
And, ſtopping, preſs'd the Margin of the Flood.
When thus the *Bruce*, 'I know thou art the Knight,
'This Day that, dreadful, led the *Scots* in Fight.
'Amaz'd, I ſaw thee in dire Combat ſtand,
'And, curious, mark'd the Wonders of thy Hand.
'To real Worth a juſt Applauſe we owe,
'Nor is it mine to ſtain a gen'rous Foe.

'But ſay, what wild Ambition fires thy Soul?
'What Rage and Madneſs in thy Boſom roll?
'Does the thin Air of popular Applauſe
'Engage thee, deſp'rate, in a ſinking Cauſe?
'Or does the Luſt of Sway thus urge thee on
'To empty Titles, and a fancy'd Throne?
'To wade thro' Seas of thy dear Country's Blood,
'Born on the Breath of a tumultuous Crowd?
'Dar'ſt thou preſume to match the *Engliſh* Force,
'Or ſtop the mighty *Edward*'s boundleſs Courſe?
'Vain Man! diſmiſs that Thirſt of lawleſs Sway,
'And due Obedience to the Victor pay.
'Preſerve thy Country from impending Woe,
'And yield, ſubmiſſive, to the conqu'ring Foe.'
Thus HUNTINGTON. When from the other Side,
The *Scottiſh* Chief in honeſt Terms reply'd.
'I own the Charge. Ambition fires my Soul,
'And Rage and Madneſs in my Boſom roll.

'Ambition!

'Ambition! to preſerve a ſinking State,
'Baſely abandon'd by the faithleſs Great;
'To ſave my Country from th' accurſed Crew
'Of barb'rous Foes, and yet more barb'rous *You*!
'I claim no Right, nor ſhall my Pow'r imploy
'To mount to Titles, or to Lawleſs Sway;
'My Soul hath ſtill abhor'd the gaudy Dream
'Of fancy'd Rule, or an Uſurper's Name;
'To ſave my Country, if allow'd by Fate,
'All other Ways diſdaining to be great.
'Our Actions are our Glory or our Shame,
'Not borrow'd Titles, or an airy Name.
'The Peaſant to Renown may nobly riſe,
'Whilſt the proud Tyrant undiſtinguiſh'd lies.
'Know then, I'll die, or ſet my Country free,
'In Spite of *Edward*, and in Spite of Thee:
'Thee! who, by Right, ſhouldſt *Albion*'s Sceptre wield,
'Yet Tear'ſt her Bowels in the bloody Field.

'Who, impious, return'ſt from yonder Shore,
'Still warm, and reeking with thy Country's Gore.
'Before to Morrow's Sun begins his Courſe,
'Once more I'll dare to meet the South'ron Force.
'For that dear Land, where firſt I drew my Breath,
'I'll ſeek the Tyrant in the Fields of Death;
'Begirt with Guards, and wall'd with Legions round,
'I'll drive him, perjur'd, from our native Ground.
'Farewel, deluded Man! thy Right forego,
'And bow, a Monarch, to a treach'rous Foe.
'Be a ſecure, inglorious Slav'ry thine,
'But Death or Liberty ſhall ſtill be mine.'

THUS ſpoke the Chief. His lateſt Accents roll
Thro' *Bruce*'s Heart, and ſettle in his Soul!
He finds himſelf by *Edward*'s Fraud miſled,
And long by South'ron Artifice betray'd;
Perceives the *Scottiſh* Leader's loyal Care,
His honeſt Toils, and unambitious War.

Then

Then thus. 'You ſee, my Friend, the doubtful Light
'Leads on the ſable Chariot of the Night;
'Near *Dunipace*, where ſtands a ſacred Fane,
'By Nine next Morning, let us meet again.
'No--long ere *Phœbus* runs that Length of Courſe,
'Reply'd the Chief, we'll meet the Tyrant's Force;
'In Spite of all the Pow'r he has to ſway,
'Fate ſhall, before that Time, decide the Day.
'He either ſhall his impious Claim give o'er,
'And ſhamefully repete his native Shore;
'Or one of us ſhall fall in bloody Fight,
'Impartial Heav'n will judge our Cauſe aright.
'But if you pleaſe th' Appointment to aſſign
'At Three, I'll meet ye near the ancient Shrine.'
The *Bruce* conſented, and to *Lithgow* paſt,
To *Torwood*-Shades good *Ker* and *Wallace* haſte.
Refreſh'd with Food, the Hoſt for Reſt prepare,
And in ſhort Slumbers huſh the Din of War.

BRIGHT

BRIGHT *Phoſphor* ſoon the vaulted Azure gilds,
And Stars, retiring, quit the airy Fields.
The *Scottiſh* Chief abandons his Repoſe,
And Arms of Proof his Manly Limbs encloſe.
With Claſps around the temper'd Mail he ties,
And graven Cuiſhes glitter on his Thighs.
Upon his Head a ſhining Caſque he wore,
A Staff of Steel in his ſtrong Hand he bore.
A beamy Fauchion grac'd his Manly Side,
Boldly he ſeem'd in Battle to abide.
His Armour-bearer JOB went on before,
And the great Warrior's maſſy Buckler bore.
Thus forth the HERO marching, views the Lines,
And to each Chief his proper Poſt aſſigns.
Ramſay, and *Lundy*, and the hardy Thane
Of *Lennox*, led Five Thouſand to the Plain.
Five thouſand more himſelf and *Lauder* guide,
And *Richarton* and *Seton* cloſe their Side.

To the late Field they march in deep Array,
And view the Ruins of the former Day.
There, what a horrid Scene the Sight confounds?
What Heaps of Carnage ſtrow th' adjacent Grounds,
And Life, ſcarce cold, yet bubbling thro' the Wounds!
Along the Strand the floating Streams of Blood
Roll on in Tides, and choak the neighbouring Flood.
Here lay brave *Stuart*, and *Roſſia*'s gallant Thane,
With honeſt Wounds transfix'd upon the Plain.
There lay great *Graham* extended on the Shore,
Lifeleſs, and pale, and ſtain'd with clotted Gore.
Him *Wallace* ſaw, and throbbing at the Sight,
Alights, and ruſhes to the lovely Knight.
Up in his Arms he rais'd his drooping Head,
And thus, with Tears, addreſt the gallant Dead.

'FAREWEL, my beſt lov'd Friend! A long Adieu
'To all th' illuſive Joys of Life and you.

'Farewel

'Farewel (O grateful Victim to our Foes)
'Thou ſacred Martyr for thy Country's Cauſe!
'For her thou fought'ſt in dreadful Fields of Death,
'For her thus greatly thou reſign'ſt thy Breath.
'That Warlike Arm ſhall I behold no more,
'The Fauchion brandiſh on the bloody Shore.
'No more thoſe Eyes ſhall fierce in Battle glow,
'Thy Friends Delight, and Terror of the Foe.
'How is the mighty fall'n upon the Plain?
'The Chief, the HERO by a Coward ſlain!
'Nor ſhall his Soul the treach'rous Triumph boaſt,
'Sad and confounded on the *Stygian* Coaſt.
'Thy Noble Hand ſoon ſent the daſtard Foe,
'Murder'd and damn'd down to the Shades below.
'Ah! Gallant Man, what Worth adorn'd thy Mind?
'How brave an En'my, how ſincere a Friend?
'Sincere to me, ſince firſt our Love began,
'Thy *David* I, and thou my *Jonathan*.

'Thou

'Thou waſt the Hope, the Glory of my Life,
'My better Genius in the doubtful Strife.
'Warm'd by thy Preſence, how did I diſdain
'The Toils and Dangers of th' unequal Plain?
'How did my Soul with riſing Ardours glow,
'Leſſen the Hazard, and contract the Foe,
'O'erlook the adverſe Hoſt, when I beheld
'My brave Companion thunder in the Field?
'Old *Albion* ſhall in Tears of Blood bemoan
'The Gallant Patriot, and the duteous Son.
'In thee her Freedom and her Honour dead,
'Her Hopes all blaſted, and her Succour fled.
'Farewel, bleſt Shade! may thine unſpotted Soul,
'Now rais'd on high to thy congeneal Pole,
'In Flames of Heav'nly Raptures ever glow,
'And ſmile, propitious, on our Toils below.'
He ſaid. The Hoſt accompany their Chief,
Burſt into Tears, and give a Looſe to Grief.

So once, of old, on the *Moloſian* Coaſt,
Bold *Theſeus* mourn'd his dear *Pirithous* loſt.
Now waſh'd from Blood, upon their Shields they bore
The Lifeleſs HERO from the fatal Shore.
With ſolemn Pomp the mournful Chiefs proceed,
And in the various Fane inhume the Dead.
To all the Chiftains ſlain due Rites they pay,
Then to th' Appointment *Wallace* bends his Way.
The Loſs of *Graham*, and that unhappy Field,
Inflam'd his Soul when he the *Bruce* beheld.
Approaching quick, the ireful Chief began,
And in Stern Language thus addreſt the Man.
Doſt thou repent thy baſe unnatural War?
Or Thirſts thy Soul yet ſtill for native Gore?
Rew'ſt thou the Actions of thy barb'rous Hand,
The cruel Havock on yon bloody Strand?
See thoſe brave Patriots, who, too loyal, came
To ſave their Country, and maintain thy Claim;

T'oppoſe

T' oppoſe a haughty Tyrant's lawleſs Might,
And 'gainſt thy ſelf t' aſſert thy native Right:
See where they lay diſtain'd with Purple Gore,
By their own Prince all murder'd on the Shore.
Behold the gallant *Stuart*, and *Roſſia*'s Thane,
And God-like *Graham*, late, ſtretcht upon the Plain.
HEROES! whoſe Blood not Armies can attone,
By Fraud, and Tyranny, and *Thee* undone.
Unhappy Man! —— More wou'd the Chief have ſaid
When drown'd in Tears, the noble *Bruce* reply'd.
'Yes, gen'rous Friend! I ſaw the HEROES ſtand
'Like Gods in Battle on yon bloody Strand.
'Eager of Fame, unknowing how to yield,
'How did they court the Dangers of the Field?
'O'ermatch'd with Numbers, prodigal of Life,
'How did they ſtruggle in th' unequal Strife?
'For their dear Country, mix'd in dire Debate,
'They ſtrove with Heaven, and diſputed Fate.

'Twas I, deluded Wretch! who led that Pow'r
'Againſt my Friends to this unhappy Shore.
'Twas I, ill-fated I! whoſe guilty Hand
'Dy'd with my native Blood yon Crimſon Strand.
'Poor, hapleſs Man! by fair Pretences led
'To Ruin, and by Kingly Fraud betray'd.

WALLACE with Joy hears what the *Bruce* had ſaid,
And on his Knee a low Obeiſance made.
The South'ron Pow'r he beg'd him to diſown,
And reign, a Monarch, on his native Throne.
Againſt that crafty Prince aſſert his Claim,
Revenge his Wrongs, and vindicate his Name.
Alas! nor yet I dare, the *Bruce* reply'd,
Forſake yon King, or quit the South'ron Side;
My Son a Hoſtage for my Fealty lies,
Which if the Sire ſhould violate —— he dies.
But here I vow, ne'er ſhall this guilty Hand
A Sword imploy againſt my native Land;

No

No more againſt my Friends a Weapon bear:
But ſoon as I eſcape the treach'rous Snare,
To thee I'll come, and on thy Faith rely,
T' aſſert my Title, and ſecure my Sway.
This ſaid, in Arms he rais'd the gallant Man,
And Tides of Joy thro' *Wallace'* Boſom ran.
Betwixt them mutual kind Endearments paſt,
Then, parting, each reviſited his Hoſt.
Waiting their Chief on the late Field of Blood,
In Order rang'd, the *Grampian* Squadrons ſtood.
Arriv'd, the HERO mounts, and leads the Way,
And the firm Lines move on in cloſe Array.
By *Inneravin* LENNOX guides his Band,
And hardy *Crawford* ſhares the Earl's Command.
Thus order'd thro' the lower Way to ride
Obſcure, by South'ron Watches uneſpy'd.
Wallace himſelf conducts a choſen Band
On the South-ſide thro' *Manwel's* rocky Land.

To *Lithgow* ſtraight, where mighty EDWARD lay,
Silent, the hardy *Lennox* ſpeeds his Way;
Sudden, amidſt the Tents, in Armour ſhines,
And haſty Slaughter rages thro' the Lines.
Spent with the Labours of the former Day,
Diſſolv'd in Sleep th' ill-guarded South'ron lay.
When thro' the Camp the claſhing Arms reſound,
And hoſtile Cries their drowſy Souls confound.
Edward, amaz'd, beholds the ſudden War,
And bids his Legions for the Fight prepare.
Enrag'd, his Courſer mounts, and ſcours along,
And rouſes, with Reproach, the Sluggard Throng.
Bold *Hartford* haſtes, to *York* his Forces joyns,
When *Wallace*, ent'ring, thunders thro' the Lines;
On South'ron Ranks exerts his well known Might,
And drives, conſpicuous, thro' the bloody Fight.
Some naked, ſome half arm'd, (a ſenſeleſs Throng)
Part, ſtupid, gaz'd, Part run confus'd along.

Whilſt

Whilſt the bold *Scots* diſtribute Death around,
Steeds, Tents, and Squadrons mingling on the Ground.
The awful King ſtern in the Battle ſhines,
And with his Preſence animates the Lines.
To Arms the hardy *Bruce* he calls aloud,
And Twenty thouſand round that HERO crowd.
Reſolv'd no more his Subjects to offend,
The *Bruce* advances on his Mock-Command.
Great, as he wont, before his Squadrons rode,
Awful in Steel, and dreadful as a God.
The uſual Fierceneſs kindles in his Eyes,
And o'er his Face diſſembled Terrors riſe.
His beamy Fauchion brandiſhing in Air,
He ſeems to charge, and counterfeits the War.
His threatning Blows (if Blows at all deſcend)
Fall innocent, as from a Father's Hand.

WALLACE, meantime, and *Lennox*, in their Courſe,
Meet in the Centre, and conjoyn their Force.

The

The Warlike Bands exert their utmoſt Might,
And, unreſiſted, thunder thro' the Fight.
Fir'd with Reſentment of the former Plain,
Their Country ſpoil'd, their brave Companions ſlain!
Forward, united in their Fury, go,
And pour ſwift Vengeance on the guilty Foe.
Graham, and the Chiftains loſt inſpire each Deed,
And to their Ghoſts Ten thouſand Victims bleed.
Abas'd, the South'ron Hoſt for Flight prepare,
And from the Field faſt ſpeeds the vulgar War.
Only the King, now long renown'd in Fame,
Combats for Glory, and aſſerts his Name.
And other Chiefs, in Martial Honours great,
Before their Monarch nobly meet their Fate.
Againſt that King to prove his awful Might,
The *Scottiſh* Chief rode, furious, thro' the Fight;
Thro' all the Force of the oppoſing Foe,
Full at his Vizor aim'd a deadly Blow;

He

He miſs'd the King; the Standard-Bearer's Head
Aſunder cleft the unreſiſted Blade.
The royal Standard (ſhameful!) preſs'd the Plain,
Then fled, diſmay'd, at once the South'ron Train.
The hardy *Scots* their Warlike Steeds prepare,
And, mounting, ſwift purſue the flying War;
From *Glotta*'s Banks, to *Nithia*'s ſteepy Coaſt,
With Blood and Slaughter drove the ſcatter'd Hoſt.
Pierc'd with diſhoneſt Wounds Three thouſand ly,
And *Crawford*-Moor with mingled Carnage dye.
With Tears great *Edward* views the diſmal Scene,
His braveſt Troops without Reſentment ſlain.
While Rage and Grief at once his Soul oppreſt,
He turn'd, and thus the valiant *Bruce* addreſt.
Ah, HUNTINGTON! thou ſeeſt yon murd'ring Crowd,
With Slaughter tir'd, yet ſtill athirſt for Blood;

[*Glotta*,] *Clyde* River. [*Nithia*,] *Nithsdale*.

Our Friends all butcher'd, and yon bloody Heath
One Heap of Carnage, and a Waſte of Death.
Woud'ſt thou but turn, and ſtop their barb'rous Might,
By all the Pow'rs! I ſhall confirm thy Right.
He ſaid. The *Bruce* in modeſt Terms reply'd,
Annul my Bond, make my Engagements void;
Then ſhall I turn, attack the *Scottiſh* Pow'r,
And drive their Legions back to *Carron*'s Shore.
The royal Stateſman, vers'd in Kingly Art,
At once perceives his alienated Heart;
Hence guards his Motions, watches his Deſigns,
And as a Priſoner at large confines.
But now the Warlike *Scots* approaching near,
Fall in with Shouts, and thunder on the Rear.
With heavy Heart the mighty *Edward* fled,
Mourn'd his loſt Honour, and his Legions dead,
O'er *Solway*'s Stream, home to his native Shore,
He leads the Reliques of his vanquiſh'd Pow'r.

Full

Full Fifty thouſand in that Journey loſt,
With mingled Corpſes ſtrow'd the *Scottiſh* Coaſt.

THUS far the Muſe, in juſt Example, ſings
Of Traitors, loyal Chiefs, uſurping Kings;
Their Deeds tranſmitting down to future Times,
In faithful Records, and unbyaſs'd Rhimes.
Of virtuous Names ſhe marks the glorious Fate,
And brands with Infamy the factious Great.
Faction! thou dire, thou legionary Fiend,
How dark thy Views, how diſmal is thy End?
What num'rous Woes in thy black Boſom dwell?
On Pride firſt founded, and inſpir'd by Hell!
By Thee the Gods were mix'd in dire Debate,
And daring Faction ſhook th' immortal State!
In Bands combin'd, aſſail'd the ſacred Throne,
'Till in his Might aroſe th' Eternal Son!
Full in his Father's Strength attacks the Foe,
And hurls them, flaming, to th' Abyſs below;

Far from th' Effulgence of ſuperior Light,
'Midſt liquid Fire to roul, and Shades of deepeſt Night!
Mankind, immortal, innocent, firſt fell
By thee, thou darling Principle of Hell!
Since, uncontroul'd, thou ſpread'ſt thy boundleſs Reign,
Inſpir'ſt th' ambitious, and delud'ſt the vain.

This *Wallace* found. Not all his gen'rous Toils,
His glorious Conqueſts, and triumphant Spoils;
Not all his brave Attempts to free the State,
Cou'd skreen the Patriot from the jealous Great.
Beſet by Malice, and by Fraud oppreſt,
(Yet green with Laurels, and with Triumphs grac'd!)
The Godlike Leader to *Edina* came,
Renounc'd his Pow'r, diſclaim'd a Guardian's Name;
'Midſt Tears of loyal States reſign'd his Truſt,
A willing Exile from his native Coaſt.
His cauſeleſs Wrongs deep in his Boſom ſat,
And deeper ſtill the Ruin of the State.

Yet, forc'd by Faction, he forſakes the Land,
His Friends attend him to the briny Strand;
In a lone Bark they launch into the Main,
The bounding Veſſel plows the wat'ry Plain;
Aloft, inſpiring Gales, propitious blow,
Obſequious rolling, roars the Tide below;
'Till ſafe from Dangers of the liquid Reign,
The Warlike Crew the *Rochel* Harbour gain.

FAREWEL, thou gen'rous Man! a long Adieu
To wretched *Albion*'s Safety, and to you.
Who ſhall in Arms dare to ſupport her Right?
What hardy Chief ſhall lead her Sons to Fight?
Her once brave Sons! now terrified and aw'd,
At home by Faction, and by Pow'r abroad,
To Woods and Wilds and lonely Deſarts go,
Forſake her Cauſe, nor dare to meet the Foe.
The Foe again ſwarms on her crowded Strand,
And freſh Deſtruction ſweeps her waſted Land!

Farewel, brave injur'd Man! thou Boaſt of Fame!
At once thy Country's Glory, and her Shame!
Nor ſhall the Muſe thy further Acts explore,
On *Scotia*'s Plains, or on the *Gallic* Shore.
The weary Muſe here reſts her drooping Wing,
And conſcious of thy Fate, forbears to ſing.
Some other Genius ſhall the Task attend,
And paint the Villain in the perjur'd Friend.
Nor ſhall the *Bruce*'s Fate her Notes inſpire,
Or tune to Elegy the mournful Lyre.
Secret, ſhe weeps the luckleſs Father dead,
The Scene o'erveiling with a ſilent Shade.
Now fits the Harp to a ſublimer Strain,
The Godlike Son! and his immortal Reign.

BOOK II.

THE South'ron Trumpets ſound the dread Alarm,
The War rekindles, and the Legions arm.
The younger BRUCE is call'd from *Gallia*'s Shore,
For now the hapleſs Father was no more.
In Warlike Pomp array'd, the crowded Hoſt
Moves, ſable, onward to the *Scottiſh* Coaſt.
As Cranes, embody'd, ſhade th' Ætherial Plains,
Stretch'd on the Wing, to ſhun impending Rains;
The airy Hoſt on ſounding Pinions flies,
(A living Cloud) along the darken'd Skies;
So, wrapt in Duſt, the South'ron ſhape their Way,
Obſcure the Sun, and intercept the Day.
Great in the Van the mighty Monarch ſhone,
And by his Side in Armour blaz'd the Son.

Next, mournful *Bruce*, before th' embattel'd Crowd,
Full of his Sire, in ſilent Grandeur rode.
Thick ſwarm the hoſtile Bands on *Scotia*'s Shore,
And Sword and Fire her poor Remains devour.
To Hills and Dales her trembling Sons retreat,
Their Homes abandon, to avoid their Fate.
Mothers and Infants ſhare the common Woe,
And feebly flying, fall before the Foe.
From *Solway*'s Stream, to *Caithneſs*' ſtormy Strand,
One diſmal Waſte of Ruin ſweeps the Land.
As when ſome Torrent ſwell'd with Wintry Rains,
Rolls from the Mountains, and o'erſpreads the Plains;
The Swains and Flocks o'erwhelm'd confus'dly roar,
And Woods and Harveſts float along the Shore.

Now fraught with Spoils from far *Pomona*'s Coaſt,
To *Perth* returns the *Trinobantian* Hoſt.

From

[*Pomona,*] The largeſt of the *Orkney* Iſlands.
[*Trinobantian* Hoſt.] *Trinobantes* were the People of *Middleſex, &c.* taken here for the *Engliſh* in general.

From thence to *Scoon* the Victor takes his Way,
The ſacred Seat of *Scotia*'s ancient Sway;
Where twice ten Centuries her Monarchs ſat,
On fated Marble, venerably great.
Imperial *Scoon*! how is thy Pomp defac'd?
Thy Archives riffled, and thy Glories raz'd!
Thy ſacred Monuments (the Prize of War,)
And Spoils of Ages grace th' Uſurper's Car!
The Deeds and Records of great *Fergus*' Line,
The fatal Stone torn from its hallowed Shrine;
The learned, and their Works, in Triumph born,
Auguſta's Cells, and Libraries adorn.
This *Cuming* ſaw, and ſpite of jealous Hate,
Mourns the wide Ruin of the waſted State:
Touch'd with the woful Scene, the *Bruce* addreſt,
And thus, with Tears, unfolds his lab'ring Breaſt.

AH *Huntington*! how long ſhall Rival Hate
Divide our Int'reſts, and improve our Fate?

Thou ſeeſt our Country, by her Foes oppreſt,
One Heap of Ruin, one abandon'd Waſte!
Her Laws and Rights and Liberties forlorn,
By foreign Force, but more by Faction torn.
Since you and I an equal Right pretend,
Let both our Claims in mutual Friendſhip end;
Shou'd you to me convey your Right, then I
To you make o'er my Lands and Property.
Or, if to you my Title I reſign,
Then your paternal Heritage be mine.
The *Bruce* accepts the laſt; And thus agreed,
They ſign, and ſeal, and interchange the Deed.
Meantime his Rout again great *Edward* bends
Back to *Auguſta*, and the *Bruce* attends.
Wrapt in his Hopes, impatient for the Day
T' aſſert his Right, and vindicate his Sway.

BUT now, fell *Ate*, Source of human Woes,
Diſmal from Depths of *Tartarus* aroſe.
Fir'd at th' Agreement, the black Fury fled,
And, direful, hovers round the *Cuming*'s Head.
The ſooty Spectre ſhed a noxious Steam,
And her red Eye-balls flaſh'd a helliſh Gleam.
In viſionary Scenes he hears her howl,
And feels th' ambitious Venom in his Soul.
Full of the *Dæmon*, ſtarting from his Bed,
Diſclaims his Oath, and the Agreement made;
To *Edward* ſends the Writing ſeal'd and ſign'd,
And ſhows, malicious, what the *Bruce* deſign'd.
Edward in Council reads the hated Scroll,
And ſudden Vengeance kindles in his Soul.
Straightway the noble *Bruce* is doom'd to bleed,
But Fate forbad, and Heav'n oppos'd the Deed.

[*Ate*, ſignifies Guilt.] She was the Goddeſs of Revenge, Diſcord, Ambition, Paſſions ſo deſtructive to human Kind. Any Reader will eaſily ſee the Proſopopœia, and likeways underſtand the Machine.

Bright *Ariel*, anxious for his ſacred Care,
Shoots downward in a Veil of thicken'd Air.
Mix'd with th' Aſſembly unperceiv'd he ſat,
Directs their Thoughts, and guides the *Bruſſian* Fate.
In ſecret Whiſpers Heav'n's Beheſts conveys,
Breathes in each Heart, and all the Council ſways.
The ſacred Motion touch'd ſly *Pembroke*'s Breaſt,
The Peer aroſe, and thus the King addreſt.
Sov'reign! —— Not *Huntington* alone muſt bleed,
His Kindred alſo muſt atone the Deed.
Till theſe are ſeiz'd, the Puniſhment decline,
Then wreck your Wrath on all the *Bruſſian* Line.
His Brethren, Allies, and his Friends muſt fall,
And one dire Ruin overwhelm them all.
'Tis thus you are ſecure. The Peers aſſent,
And *Edward*, ſullen, owns the Sentiment;
Nor knows the fix'd Eternal Voice of Fate
Had doom'd him ſafe, and ſpoke the HERO great;

For

For him immortal Honours had decreed,
And endleſs Glories ſhed around his Head:
Bid him thro' Dangers ſtruggle to Renown
And riſe the Theme of Ages not his own.

'Twas Night; and now the great Aſſembly roſe,
Each Peer retiring to his late Repoſe.
Not ſo bright *Ariel* his dear Charge diſmiſt,
But, watchful, hovers o'er *Montgom'ry*'s Breaſt.
With Tenderneſs to *Bruce* his Heart he fires,
And to prevent his Doom, his Thoughts inſpires:
Bids the ſoft Motion in his Boſom roll,
And breathes the Friend, in Whiſpers, to his Soul.
Full of the Viſions of the Night, by Fear
And Love awak'd, up roſe the friendly Peer.
A faithful Servant ſoon his Lord attends,
Whom fraught with Preſents to the *Bruce* he ſends.
No Charge in Words the truſty Menial bore,
But in his Hand a Purſe of ſhining Ore.

Two glitt'ring Spurs of Silver poliſh'd bright,
The certain Emblems of a ſpeedy Flight.
The Charge deliver'd, and the Man diſmiſt,
Bruce rolls the myſtic Meſſage in his Breaſt.
By Heav'n inſtructed, ſoon the Meaning clears,
Calls his Attendants, and for Flight prepares.

'Twas when bleak *Boreas'* ſullen Guſts ariſe,
And bear the fleecy Winter thro' the Skies;
When bellying Clouds deſcend in ſpreading Snow,
And form a ſhining Wilderneſs below.
By Night the Prince, two Servants in his Train,
On Horſe-back mounting, ſcours the trackleſs Plain.
But leſt the Foe ſhould trace his ſudden Flight,
Along th' Impreſſion on the ſnowy White,
By ſecret Hands his Courſers backward ſhod,
Elude the Search, and falſify the Road
Thro' dreary Shades of Night, and Tracks of Snow,
Where Winds and Storms in ſtruggling Tempeſts blow;

Where

Where Hills and Dales, the Foreſt and the Field,
One tireſome undiſtinguiſh'd Proſpect yield;
Where roaring Torrents roll their wat'ry Sway,
The noble *Bruce* purſues his reſtleſs Way,
Till paſt the Dangers of the hoſtile Plain,
And the bleak Horrors of the Wintry Reign,
Lochmaben's Gates a ſafe Retreat afford,
Unfold obſequious, and receive their Lord.
By two Attendants led, the royal Gueſt
His great Anceſtors ancient Pavement preſt:
There found his Brother, and *Kilpatrick* wight,
Fleming and *Lindſay*, and the *Reaver*-Knight.
His Eyes, with Wonder and Confuſion mix'd,
On the brave Stranger Royal *Edward* fix'd.
He gaz'd aſtoniſh'd! then his Brother knew,
And, wing'd with Joy, to his Embraces flew.

Each

Lochmaben's Gates.] *Lochmaben* belong'd hereditarily to *Bruce*'s Family, as they were Lords of *Annandale*.

The *Reaver*-Knight.] The Red-*Reaver*, *alias Thomas* of *Chartres* or *Longoville*, whom *Wallace* took at Sea.

Each Chief ſalutes his Sov'reign in his Turn,
And all their Hearts with mutual Tranſports burn.
The Menials next with Victuals load the Board,
And Chiefs attending entertain their Lord.
His Hunger ſoon allay'd, the Royal Gueſt
(As Men of War are us'd with ſhort Repaſt)
Begun his late Adventures to relate,
And runs the Series of his former Fate;
Till, Sleep approaching, all the Chiefs aroſe
To guard their Sov'reign to his ſoft Repoſe.

Now ope's the wintry Dawn, and *Cynthia*'s Ray
Shoots a dim Twilight thro' the lowring Day,
When loyal Friends in Bonds a Courier bring,
Fraught with Diſpatches to the South'ron King,
By *Cuming* ſent. The hardy *Edward* roſe,
And to the King's Apartment ſoftly goes.
He found the Monarch ſtarting from his Bed,
And to his Preſence ſoon the Captive led.

The

The Man at once produced the trait'rous Writ:
The Monarch read, and ſhudder'd at the Sight.
He views, and wonders at the black Deſign,
His Eyes, indignant, rolling o'er each Line.
The Purport bore --- To haſte the *Bruce*'s Fate,
For Kings ſhou'd dread the Pop'lar and the Great.
Fir'd with Revenge, his Courſer quick he calls,
And, furious, leaves *Lochmaben*'s ancient Walls.
His Friends, all ready now, their Steeds beſtrode,
And ſwiftly follow thro' the marſhy Road.
Straight to *Dumfries* advances all the Train,
And find the *Cuming* in the ſacred Fane.
Rage and ſwift Vengeance rolling in his Breaſt,
Bruce furious enter'd, and the Man addreſt,
Villain! (meantime he ſhows the trait'rous Scroll)
Read this, and learn to hate thy perjur'd Soul.
Nor more —— but pull'd a Poniard from its Sheath,
And in his Heart deep drove the ſhining Death.

Lord *Cuming* falls, a Tide of Crimſon Gore
Burſts from the Wound, and ſtains the hallow'd Floor.
His Couſin *Edward*, haſting to his Aid,
Prone at his Side by *Lindſay*'s Hand is laid.
This done, the *Bruce* attended by his Train,
Swift to *Lochmaben* meaſures back the Plain.
Thence round his royal *Manifeſto* ſends,
To warn his Subjects, and invite his Friends.
High rais'd, in Gold the glitt'ring Lions glare,
And round the Standard crowds the loyal War.
The King appears, his noble Mein imparts
Love to their Souls, and Courage to their Hearts.
They view their Prince, in Arms a glorious Name!
And ev'ry Breaſt beats high with future Fame.
The Monarch, mounting, foremoſt trac'd the Plain,
Glitter the loyal Squadrons in his Train.
Straight to Imperial *Scoon* they bend their Way,
The ſacred Seat of *Fergus*' ancient Sway.

When

When, o'er the Lawns, as *Bruce* directs his Sight,
A Warlike Courſer bore a ſable Knight.
His clouded Mail a dusky Horror ſhed,
A bloody Plume blaz'd nodding o'er his Head.
As from ſome nightly Cloud's impregnate Womb,
The ſudden Lightning glares along the Gloom;
High on his Helm ſo wav'd the blazy Stream,
And o'er his Armour caſt a doubtful Gleam.
In his ſtrong Hand a Lance he rais'd on high,
And a broad Fauchion glitter'd at his Thigh.
Soon as the *Bruce* the Warlike Knight beheld,
Foremoſt, he ſpeeds his Courſer o'er the Field;
His beamy Spear advancing in his Reſt,
Aloud he calls, and thus the Man addreſt.
'Whoe'er thou art in Arms that tread'ſt the Plain,
'Diſcloſe thy Purpoſe, thy Deſigns explain;
'Whether a Stranger from ſome foreign Soil,
'Thou com'ſt to view old *Caledonia*'s Toil;

'By Heav'n directed from a diſtant Shore,
'To joyn her loyal Sons, and aid her righteous War:
'Or if thou com'ſt her Freedom to oppoſe,
'Obſtruct our Right, and to aſſiſt our Foes;
'Who e'er thou art, obſcure, or known to Fame,
'Show thine Intentions, and unfold thy Name.

Thus ſpoke the King, and now the Warriour Band
Approaching, round the gallant Stranger ſtand.
The courteous Knight a low Obeiſance made,
And thus to Royal *Bruce*, ſubmiſſive, ſaid;

'From foreign Climes, and diſtant Tracts of Earth,
'I ſought the Soil where Nature gave me Birth;
'Long ſince inform'd of my dear Country's Woes,
'By homebred Faction torn, and foreign Foes;
'Arriv'd, with Tears I view'd her waſted Shore,
'Horrid with Slaughter, and deform'd with Gore.
'One Face of Ruin, direful, ſpread each Plain,
'Her Towns in Aſhes, and her HEROES ſlain.

'I

'I found my much lov'd Sire a Captive led,
'In Fetters pin'd, and in a Dungeon dead;
'My ſelf bereft of all his wide Domains,
'Where, now, the haughty Clifford proudly reigns.
'Mine Eme addreſt th' Uſurper to regain
'My Right paternal, but addreſt in vain.
'The Suit preferr'd, the Tyrant roſe in Ire,
'And proudly check'd the venerable Sire.
'Rejected with Diſdain, and diſpoſſeſt,
'What Grief and Rage, indignant, tore my Breaſt?
'Full of my Country's Wrongs, mine own Diſgrace,
'I vow'd Revenge on all the South'ron Race.
'Juſt as the Motion in my Boſom roll'd,
'A loyal Friend in joyful Whiſpers told,
'The noble *Bruce*, eſcap'd, purſu'd his Way,
'T' aſſert his Title to the *Scottiſh* Sway.
'Rouz'd with the Thought, I arm, and ſoon prepare
'To joyn my Prince, and aid the loyal War.

'If

'If thou'rt that *Bruce*, and those thy martial Bands,
'A faithful Subject waits thy just Commands.
'A Stranger I, a Youth unknown to Fame,
'But loyal *Douglas* was my Father's Name.'

The *Bruce*, well knowing what the Sire had done,
Flew to th' Embraces of the gallant Son.
Close in his Arms the Godlike Man he prest,
And all the Train salute the noble Guest.
Thence to Imperial *Scoon* they bend their Way,
The far fam'd Seat of *Albion*'s ancient Sway.
Arriv'd, they enter; Guards surrounding wait,
Whilst *Bruce* is seated on a Throne of State.
Then from the Altar of the hallow'd Fane,
The sacred Officers the Rites began.
The Regal Oyl, first, plac'd by pious Hands,
In holy Vases on the Altar stands.
The tuneful Choir their solemn Voices raise,
And Heav'n resounds the consecrated Lays.

The Royal Fragrance on his Head they pour,
In od'rous Drops deſcends the hallow'd Show'r.
Of Gold and Jewels next the Imperial Crown,
(A daz'ling Radiance!) round his Temples ſhone.
Mean while, the Chiefs, and the attending Train,
Intently gazing on the awful Scene,
With Wonder ſaw a Flame, innoxious, ſpread
Its lambent Glories round the Monarch's Head;
Amaz'd, beheld unuſual Splendors riſe!
Play o'er his Face, and ſparkle in his Eyes.
Again the Choir their Notes in Conſort joyn,
Warbles the Heav'nly Anthem thro' the Shrine.
The Crowd in Peals of loud Applauſes riſe,
And catch'd, from Vault to Vault, the ecchoing Noiſe
Rolls thro' the Dome, and rattles in the Skies.

The Rites perform'd, attended by his Train,
The ſacred Monarch leaves the hallow'd Fane.

To Rooms of State aſcends the Royal Gueſt,
Where Boards ſtood loaded with a rich Repaſt.
Gay ſparkling Bowls the various Banquet cheer,
And Muſic's Charms again ſuſpend the Ear.
The Royal Repaſt done, ſucceeds the Ball,
And *Caledonian* Beauties grace the Hall;
In rich Attire attend their gen'rous Prince,
And in bright Meaſures lead the num'rous Dance.
Now Night, once more, the Boards with Goblets crown'd,
Long live the King! in ev'ry Glaſs goes round;
Round from repeated Bowls rich Nectar flows,
Till drowſy Slumbers ſummon their Repoſe.

The riſing Beams glow on the Verge of Day,
And o'er old Ocean's heaving Boſom play.
The noble *Bruce* Imperial *Scoon* forſakes,
To *Bertha*'s Tow'rs a Royal Journey takes.
With him fierce *Edward* iſſues to the Plain,
Lennox the bold, and *Athol*'s hardy Thane.

Randal

Randal and *Hay*, two Thunderbolts of War!
Seton and *Boyd* to guard their Prince prepare.
The daring *Somerveil* in Armour ſhines,
And hardy *Fraſer* his Battalions joyns.
Inchmartin, *Barclay*, on the Field appear,
And doughty *Douglas* glitter'd in the Rear.
Five hundred Spears advance in bright Array,
Gleam o'er the Lawns, and doubly gild the Day.
In *Bertha*'s Tow'rs the crafty *Pembroke* ſtay'd,
And twice Ten hundred his Commands obey'd.
Before the Town, then girt with Walls around,
The King approaching, mark'd the proper Ground.
Near to the Works encamp'd the Squadrons lay,
Commiſſion'd thence two Trumpets take their Way.
Straight to the Gates the martial Heraulds came,
Requir'd the Place in good King ROBERT's Name;
Summon'd the haughty *Pembroke* ſoon to yield,
Or bravely meet their Maſter in the Field.

The Chief, indignant, hears the bold Alarm,
Deigns no Reply, but bids the Legions arm.
Throughout the Troops the Leader's Orders run,
And, quick, in Arms the warlike South'ron ſhone.
Back to the Camp the Heraulds ſoon repair,
And bid their Monarch for the Fight prepare.
The *Scots* hear from the Walls the loud Alarms,
The ecchoing Trumpets, and the Din of Arms.
Repairs each Leader to his fix'd Command,
And rang'd in firm Array the Legions ſtand.
The King on Horſeback views th' embattled Lines,
Then dauntleſs at their Head in Armour ſhines.
Ready to ſally, now, the South'ron Train,
The Gates unfolding, haſten to the Plain;
When lo! a Chief before the Ranks appears,
Grave were his Looks, and rev'rend were his Years;
In ev'ry martial Art preciſely skill'd,
Deep at the Board, and daring in the Field.

Sir

Sir *Inghraham Omphraville*, well known to Fame,
In Peace and War a venerable Name!
The iſſuing Troops his awful Preſence ſtay'd,
And thus the Chief to haughty *Pembroke* ſaid.
'High from the Walls I view'd yon level Strand,
'Where *Scots* array'd in firm Battalia ſtand;
'Compar'd to us, a ſmall, but dauntleſs Train,
'Inur'd to Blood, and harden'd to the Plain.
'Their Countrey's Love a gen'rous Warmth imparts,
'Arms their intrepid Hands, and ſteels their Hearts.
'See! round the Ranks great *Bruce* exerts his Care,
'Cheers ev'ry Boſom, and inflames the War.
'Full of his Sire! his Sire well known of old,
'In Council ſubtil, and in Action bold.
'Yon other Chiefs oft have I ſeen before,
'Thunder thro' Death, and ſweep the bloody Shore.
'Glory and Liberty their Boſoms fill,
'And ev'ry Captain boaſts a Gen'ral's Skill.

'Greater our Numbers, but yon hardy Train,
'Long us'd to War, are matchleſs on a Plain.
'Therefore, my Lord, the doubtful Field delay,
'And promiſe Battle the ſucceeding Day.
'Cautious, meantime, ſurpriſe the *Scots* by Slight,
'Secure and guardleſs 'midſt the Shades of Night.'

ASSENTS the Leader, and the Troops recals;
Sudden proclaims a Trumpet from the Walls,
This Night each Army to their Reſt repair,
And let to Morrow's Sun decide the War.
He ſaid. The *Scots*, Part on the Field abode,
And Part to *Methwen*'s neighb'ring Foreſt rode,
In ſoft Repoſe to lull each anxious Care,
Thoughtleſs of Danger, undiſturb'd by Fear.

Now *Cynthia*, ſilent, ſheds a ſilver Light,
Gilds the blue Expanſe, and adorns the Night.
The Planets round in various Orbits roll,
Glows with unnumber'd Fires the ſpangled Pole.

A ſo-

A ſolemn Horror ſettles on the Woods,
And deeper roll the Murmurs of the Floods.
Late to their Reſt retire the lab'ring Swains,
And Silence o'er the Face of Nature reigns.
'Twas now the South'ron Chiefs for Fight prepare,
And from the Walls lead forth th' embattl'd War.
The waving Lances ſhoot a beamy Light,
And doubly gild the Glories of the Night.
To *Methwen*, where the *Scots* ſecurely lay,
The crafty Leaders ſhape their ſilent Way.
Swift as they march'd, by Chance a watchful Knight
Deſcries the Squadrons thro' the gleamy Night.
Sudden he haſtes to rouze the ſlumb'ring Crowd:
By that ſly *Ompraville* attacks the Wood.
The hardy King had ſcarce his Banner cry'd,
When *Pembroke* thunder'd at the Foreſt Side.
The narrow Foreſt no Defence cou'd yield,
Then ruſh'd the daring Monarch to the Field.

The *Scottiſh* Chiefs to guard the Standard ran,
Furious commenc'd the Combat on the Plain.
Together faſt the Battle brimly goes,
Loud to the Skies the thick'ning Clamours roſe.
From forged Steel thick flaſh'd the ſtreamy Light,
Mix'd with the Air, and blaz'd along the Night.
The doughty King aloud his Banner cries,
And furious 'midſt the thickeſt Squadrons flies.
His burniſht Brand was heavy, ſharp, and long,
With ireful Force he hew'd amidſt the Throng.
Thro' ſhining Armour burſts the crimſon Gore,
And a red Deluge floats along the Shore.
The Chiefs advance, their Sov'reign to ſuſtain,
And haughty *Pembroke* meets the loyal Train.
Fierce with a Shout the Hoſts together bound,
Trembles the Foreſt, and the Skies reſound.
A Waſte of Ruin round the Field is ſpread,
And Heaps on Heaps ly roll'd the mangled Dead.

The

The noble King exerts his awful Might,
And *Edward*'s Fury flam'd amidſt the Fight.
There *Somerveil* dealt round his deadly Blows,
And doughty *Douglas* thunder'd on his Foes.
Bold *Lennox* here, there *Athol*'s hardy Band
Pour on the Front, and ſweep the deathful Strand.
Pembroke with Grief their awful Force beheld,
His Troops all broke, and reeling in the Field;
Unable to ſuſtain their martial Fire,
Diſmay'd he ſtood, and ready to retire;
When *Omphraville* (the *Scottiſh* Commons won)
And *Moubray* on the Rear a Charge begun.
This *Pembroke* ſaw, and ſoon his Pow'r recalls,
And with freſh Vigour in the Front aſſails.
The *Scots* o'erpow'rd, and on the Point to yield,
With Rage and Grief the glorious King beheld.
Aloud his royal Banner calls again,
And fiercely ruſhes on th' oppoſing Train.

Thro'

Thro' all the Ranks he ſcatters Death around,
Red roll the Crimſon Torrents o'er the Ground.
To ſave his Friends, and to ſecure the State,
What Wonders wrought he in the dire Debate!
But vain the Thought, thus ſingly to ſuſtain
The War's whole Tide, and Fury of the Plain.
Urg'd in the Front, encompaſs'd on the Rear,
His fainting Squadrons all for Flight prepare.
Their Foes no longer able to withſtand,
Diverſe they fled, and left the bloody Strand.
Randal and *Somerveil* proud *Pembroke* bore
Inchmartin, *Barclay*, Captives from the Shore.
And *Fraſer*, long for martial Deeds renown'd,
And other Chiefs the South'ron Triumph crown'd.
The hardy *Moubray* ruſhing o'er the Strand,
Had ſeiz'd the *Bruce*'s Bridle in his Hand;
Loud to the Legions the bold Warrior cries,
Haſte to my Aid, mine is the Royal Prize.

But

But daring *Seton* ſees the captive Prince,
And, ſudden, ruſhes to his Lord's Defence;
High, in his Right, he bore a flaming Brand,
On *Moubray*'s Helm the thickning Blows deſcend;
Till, bent beneath his Force, he quits the Rein,
And reels, and ſtaggers, ſtunn'd, along the Plain.
The King, thus reſcu'd, from the Battle fled,
And South'ron Chiefs to *Perth* their Captives led.
Diſpatch'd, a Courier ſpeeds o'er *Solway*'s Shore,
And *Pembroke*'s Letters to great *Edward* bore.
Joyful, he reads the Action on the Plain,
The *Bruce*'s Rout, the Captives, and the ſlain;
Each Pris'ner ſoon a barb'rous Death enjoyns:
But the wiſe Leader baulks his Lord's Deſigns.
His crafty Speeches their Intentions try'd,
And Bounty fix'd them to the hoſtile Side:
Their Lives he granted, Liberties reſtor'd,
And ev'n young *Randolf* own'd a South'ron Lord.

[Young *Randolf* own'd, &c.] *Thomas Randolf* was the King's Nevoy by his

The Commons all a joynt Obedience yield,
Diſmay'd, and routed in the bloody Field,
Forſake their Homage ſince the fatal Strife,
And meanly barter Liberty for Life.
The noble Monarch thus by Fraud o'erthrown,
His Hopes near ruin'd, and his Succours gone;
To Mountains, Wilds, and Deſarts now repairs,
To ſhun the Danger of ſurrounding Wars.
Edward attends him on his lonely Way,
Athol, and *Douglas*, and the loyal *Hay*.
Campbel and *Haliburton* with him ride,
Names all devoted to the righteous Side.
Three hundred Peaſants gath'ring to their Lord,
A weak but voluntary Aid afford.
'Midſt barren Rocks, and unfrequented Ways,
The Royal *Outlaw* ſpends his irkſom Days.

Wild

Siſter: Who being made Priſ'ner here, and deſpairing of his Uncle's Affairs, went heartily in to the *Engliſh* Intereſt. But being ſometime after retaken by *James Douglas*, reſtor'd to the King's Favour, and created Earl of *Murray*, he prov'd one of the greateſt Commanders of his Time.

Wild Roots his Hunger, and his Thirſt allay'd
The friendly Stream that thro' the Valley ſtray'd.
Green Moſs by Night affords his homely Bed,
'Midſt the dark Foreſt's hoſpitable Shade.
Thus, lonely, wander'd, overſet with Pow'r,
The Royal Exile on his native Shore:
Till pinch'd with Cold and Want, the feeble Train
Their Toils no longer able to ſuſtain;
Where fair *Devana's* friendly Fortreſs lay,
Thro' Roads uncouth direct their ſecret Way.
Thither the Queen and beauteous Ladies came,
Brave *Neil* attending on the Royal Dame.

DEVANA! boaſted Seat of Arts divine,
Renown'd by *Phœbus*, and the ſacred *Nine!*
With all th' immortal Stores of Science grac'd,
The Spoils of *Rome*, and Trophies of the Eaſt.

[DEVANA.] New *Aberdeen*, ſituated towards the Mouth of the River *Dee*. About a Mile from thence Northward lyes old *Aberdeen*, near the Mouth of the River *Don*. Where ſtands a famous Univerſity, founded by *Jam.* IV. King of *Scots*.

Since, driv'n by barb'rous Bands, th' harmonious Maids,
From *Theſpian* Bow'rs, and from the *Latian* Shades;
By *Phœbus'* Care conducted o'er the Main,
Of old arriv'd on the *Tæzalian* Plain;
Near where the *Don*, fam'd for her ſcaly Brood,
Her Tide diſgorges in the *Grampian* Flood;
A Fabrick ſtands, whoſe gilded Tow'rs on high,
Rear'd into Diadems, invade the Sky.
Here meets th' *Albanian* Prince the tuneful Choir,
And hails the Patron of the ſounding Lyre;
Conducts the Muſes to the gay Retreat,
Aſſigns their Manſion, and confirms their Seat.

O much lov'd Seat! Nurſe of my tender Days,
Accept this humble Tribute of my Lays.
So may each Art and Science grace thy Halls,
And Wealth and Splendor ſtill adorn thy Walls.

May

[*Tæzali.*] The People of *Mar*, *Buchan*, and all about *Aberdeen*.
[*Albanian* Prince,] The foreſaid *Jam.* IV.

May ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace be thine,
As Love and Gratitude ſhall ſtill be mine.
Thy duteous Sons ſhall ſing thy Glories round,
And *Dona*'s Banks repeat the pleaſing Sound.
To ev'ry Lyre the rural Pow'rs ſhall crowd,
The Sylvan Gods, and Naiads of the Flood;
With Raptures liſt'ning to the Song divine,
Inſpir'd by *Phœbus* and the ſacred Nine.
Let *Helicon* his Fountains boaſt no more,
Nor *Tyber* glory in his vocal Shore;
Ye *Greek* and *Latian* Springs reſign your Fame,
Now loſt in *Dona*'s conſecrated Stream.

WITHIN the neighb'ring Walls the Monarch lay,
Liv'd on Delight, and lov'd the Hours away.
The other Chiefs amidſt their Conſorts Charms,
Forget their Toils, and lull the Din of Arms.
Short their Delights. From all th' adjacent Lands,
And neighb'ring Strengths, aroſe the South'ron Bands.

Assemble to the War the gath'ring Pow'rs,
And joyn and thicken to *Devana*'s Tow'rs.
The King appriz'd, nor able to sustain
Th' unequal Force, withdraws his little Train.
From *Deva*'s Shores to *Avon*'s spacious Source,
The Royal Bands remensurate their Course.
There rode the Queen, and all the lovely Fair,
'Midst barren Climes expos'd to bleaky Air.
Near where *M'dougal* held his Savage Sway,
The Monarch with his thin Battalions lay.
M'dougal Nevoy to the *Cumin* slain,
Fir'd with Revenge, advances to the Plain.
A thousand Shields approaching to the Fight,
Dart from their bossy Orbs a glimm'ring Light.

The

[*M'dougal* of *Lorn*,] Was Sister Son to *Cumin* whom *Bruce* had slain; and as was natural, resented his Uncle's Death, whilst perhaps he did not know who had the just Title to the Crown. His honourable and loyal Descendents will pardon the Author's being oblig'd to follow the Course of the History, and to treat him here as a Rebel.

The hardy King near to a Foreſt ſtands,
And to Array calls forth his faithful Bands.
Three hundred Lances glitter in the Air,
Move into Ranks, and wait the barb'rous War.
Swift as their native Does, the hoſtile Train
Arm'd with fell Axes, bounding to the Plain;
By fierce *M'dougal* violently led,
On *Bruce*'s Hoſt a furious Onſet made.
Ye Gods! how dire, how dreadful was the Fray?
How fierce the Charge, how obſtinate the Day?
The bold *M'dougal*'s Troops, a barb'rous Crowd,
Inur'd to Rapine, and bred up to Blood;
Like Wolves untam'd, or like the Mountain Boar,
Their Fury on the Royal Squadrons pour,
And with fell Axes mow the bloody Shore.
'Twas here the noble King was hard eſſay'd,
At once his Courage, Force, and Conduct try'd.

He mark'd the Fury of the barb'rous Hoſt,
And ſaw his Friends beſtrow the ſanguine Coaſt;
With Grief beheld the Havock of the Day,
Ev'n *Douglas* bleeding, and the gallant *Hay*.
He felt his Soul pierc'd with the tender Sight,
And call'd forth all the Wonders of his Might.
Awful in Ire, his Banner cry'd aloud,
And ruſh'd reſiſtleſs on the Savage Crowd.
Thro' the cruſh'd War with dreadful Force he broke,
Trembled the nodding Foreſt at the Shock.
As when ſome furious Whirlwind ſweeps the Plain,
Sounds thro' the Skies, and ſettles on the Main;
Mix'd in black Tempeſt riſing Billows roll,
Roars the vex'd Ocean, and reſounds the Pole.
Thus far'd the Monarch 'midſt the adverſe Band,
Thus burn'd the thickning Combat on the Strand.
The barb'rous Foe, ſtopt in their bloody Courſe,
Stood ſtill, and gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd, at his Force.

While

While pour'd in Torrents rolls the Savage Gore,
And Tenſcore Axes ſtrow the Crimſon Shore;
Ev'n fierce *M'dougal* dreads the Monarch's Might,
Yet fir'd with Rage ſtill animates the Fight.
Meantime the Queen, and all the lovely Crowd,
From the thick Covert of the ſhady Wood,
Viewing the Fury of each adverſe Train,
And all the variows Terrors of the Plain;
Amaz'd, and trembling at the Face of War,
Thus to the Heav'ns their ardent Vows prefer.

THOU! at whoſe Voice Divine the Thunders roll,
And ſhake the ſolid Baſis of the Pole;
Whoſe dreadful Nod ev'n Gods and Men obey,
Thou ſole, thou ſacred Rector of the Sky!
To our joynt Vows thine Ear, propitious, bend,
And thine Anointed from his Foes defend;
Bear him, thou mighty Arbiter of Fate,
Far from the Fury of the dire Debate;

Or cruſh the hoſtile War, and drive yon Band,
Diſmay'd and wither'd, from the bloody Strand:
The Monarch's Labours crown, reward his Toils,
And bid him triumph in the Rebel-ſpoils.
They ſaid, and Heav'n aſſents to half the Pray'r,
The Half rejects and mingles with the Air.

Just as the Foe again for Fight prepare,
Range in fierce Ranks, and recommence the War;
The King, with Wiſdom as with Valour grac'd,
His Bands aſſembling, thus the Chiefs addreſt.

You ſee, yon Rebel animates his Train,
His Squadrons rallies, and renews the Plain;
Num'rous their Troops, and well with Weapons ſtor'd,
A brutal People with a Savage Lord,
Stock'd with Proviſions in their native Soil;
We pinch'd with Famine, and fatigu'd with Toil.
Suffice it then, we once have check'd their Courſe,
Their Fury blunted, and repell'd their Force.

Nor

Nor let us further tempt our doubtful Fate,
But ſave our Friends, and cautiouſly retreat.
Renown'd the Chiefs, whoſe Souls, undaunted, dare
Face the ſtern Day, and meet the Front of War!
Can Slaughter in each hideous Form diſdain,
Thunder thro' Fate, and ſweep the ghaſtly Plain!
The HERO lives exalted into Fame:
Nor leſs the Glory of that Leader's Name,
Who, preſt with Odds, can check his martial Fire,
Elude the Foe, and cautiouſly retire.

THUS ſpoke the King; and ſoon, in juſt Array,
Retreat the Legions from th' unequal Day.
The hoſtile Squadrons for the Chaſe prepare,
But the bold Monarch ſternly guards the Rear.
Douglas, and *Hay*, and all the Chiftains ſtand
In Arms (an Iron Bulwark!) on the Strand.
Till by Degrees retiring from the Field,
The loyal Troops had gain'd the Woody Bield.

His Hopes all blaſted, and his Purpoſe croſt,
To *Lorn M'dougal* reconducts his Hoſt.

THUS to the Wood the King and Chiefs repair,
Safe from the Noiſe and Danger of the War;
There found the Queen, and all the charming Train,
And in their lovely Arms forget their Pain.
By their ſoft Hands each Scar, and bleeding Wound,
With ſtudious Care is tented, bath'd, and bound.
Not *Phœbus* ſelf, God of the healing Art,
Cou'd half ſo ſwift, ſo Sov'reign Eaſe impart.
Her Dittany no longer *Crete* ſhall boaſt,
No more *Arabia* vaunt her balmy Coaſt;
The fair Phyſicians ſpeedier Aid afford,
Their Touch was Med'cine, and their Lips reſtor'd.
The weary Chiefs, ſecure from dire Alarms,
Feed on their Eyes, and live upon their Charms;
In pleaſing Dialogue conſume the Light,
And melt in ſofter Extaſies the Night.

Now,

Now, late in Ocean bath'd, th' autumnal Star
Rears his red Orb, and ſhoots a keener Glare.
Around, his Breath in ſultry Vapours flies,
Glows the parch'd Earth, and flame the middle Skies.
Long had the Hoſt conſum'd their irkſom Time,
'Midſt barb'rous Foes, and in a horrid Clime;
By Hunger driv'n, purſu'd the Hunter's Toil,
O'er Craggy Cliffs, and thro' a deſart Soil;
Spoil'd all the Foreſts of their Savage Game,
Ranſack'd each Den, and pillag'd ev'ry Stream;
Now ſpent with Labour much, with Famine more,
At laſt prepare to quit the rugged Shore.
'Bove all, the Royal Dame, and beauteous Train,
Strange to the Hardſhips of a rough Campaign;
By Hunger pinch'd, and round with Foes beſet,
Reſolve to flee, and tempt their future Fate.
The King and Chiefs their Conforts Sorrows ſhar'd,
Mourn'd their declining Strength and Charms impair'd;

With

With boding Hearts the lovely Fair embrac'd,
And, bath'd in Tears, the ſad Departure haſte.
The noble *Neil*, and *Athol*'s loyal Thane,
Direct the Way, and guide the lovely Train.

On *Dona*'s fertile Banks a Fortreſs ſtood,
Stupendous Pile! the Labour of ſome God.
Held by the Father of the Royal Dame,
Impregnable! *Kildrummy* is its Name.
Thither the watchful Chiefs, with loyal Care,
Thro' Wilds, and Paths unknown, conduct the Fair.
There at their Eaſe the tender Beauties reſt,
But ſtill the Monarch labours in their Breaſt.
The Monarch! who, meantime, thro' Hills and Dales,
'Midſt barren Rocks, and ſolitary Vales;
With Fates averſe, with Cold, and Famine's Pains,
Superior ſtrives, and Heav'n his Soul ſuſtains.

How

[Noble *Neil.*] *Neil Bruce* the King's Brother, taken afterwards by the *Engliſh*, and put to Death at *Kildrummy*.

How deep the Counſels of th' Eternal Mind?
Man's Thoughts how ſtinted, and his Views how blind?
Far in the Womb of Cauſes, fix'd on high,
Events in regular Confuſion ly;
Till Heav'n ſhall by Degrees each Link unlooſe,
And Step by Step our future Fate diſcloſe;
Not Man, but Angels, ſhall explore in vain
The winding Order of the myſtic Chain.
Mortals, obedient to th' Eternal Nod,
Muſt Hope, and ſuffer, and attend the God.

Thus, long the Monarch ſtruggled with his Fate,
Glorious in Patience, and reſign'dly great;
Means and Events he weigh'd with proper Care,
In Counſel wiſe, and terrible in War;
Thought ev'ry Scene, in ev'ry Act ſedate,
Bold to attack, and cautious to retreat:
No Toil refuſing for the State's Defence,
A loving Father, and a gen'rous Prince.

THUS long, Illuſtrious, in Diſtreſs he lay,
And ſpent, in Mountain Waſtes, his tedious Hours away:
Nor durſt, ſore pinch'd with Want, the loyal Pow'r
Forſake the Heights, or tempt the *Champaign* Shore.
Now *Autumn* paſt, approach'd the wintry Sway,
And Night's black Shades uſurp'd upon the Day.
The gath'ring Clouds deſcending from on high,
Lowr, fraught with Storms, and threaten in the Sky.
The North's chill Breath comes keener o'er the Plain,
And, ſharper thrilling, ſcuds the thicken'd Rain.
The noble *Bruce*, unable now to bear,
Amidſt a deſart Clime, th' inclement Year;
His Legions warns, reſolving to retreat,
And in *Cantyre* to tempt his future Fate.
Meanwhile, before the gen'rous *Campbel* ſends,
To view the Countrey, and appriſe his Friends,
Then to *Lochlowmond* march the loyal Band,
And find a crazy Birlin on the Strand;

They

They launch the Boat, and, Pair by Pair, the Hoſt
In twice twelve Hours attain the farther Coaſt.
The hungry Legions ſcour the deſert Lawns,
Beat round the Woods, and rouze the nimble Fawns.
Bold *Lennox* hears, amaz'd, the mingled Sounds
Of cheering Horns about, and op'ning Hounds.
Lennox! who, here, ſince *Methwen*'s fatal Strife,
On Roots, and Savage Game ſuſtain'd his Life.
He knew the King, and warn'd his little Pow'r,
And, joyful, met him near the briny Shore.
At once the Monarch and the Chiefs drew near,
And, courteous, hail and hug the loyal Peer.
The loyal Peer ſupplies the Hoſt with Food,
The Mountain-Goat, and Product of the Wood.
Of Toils and Dangers paſt the various Tale
Mutual Diverts, and cheers the welcome Meal.
The Repaſt ended, roſe the Royal Train,
And haſted to the Margin of the Main.

By this had faithful *Campbel* gain'd the Land,
And Ships, with Victuals fraught, obſcur'd the Strand.
The joyful Hoſt ſoon launch into the Deep,
And lab'ring Oars the foamy Billows ſweep.
Th' *Hebridian* Chief, who ſtretch'd his ample Reign
Wide o'er the Daughters of the *Weſtern* Main,
The Monarch welcomes to the friendly Coaſt,
And gen'rous entertains the loyal Hoſt.
Three Days they reſted, then put out to Sea,
And to *Raclinda* plow'd the liquid Way.
Raclinda's Boors their ready Aid afford,
Receive with Joy, and own their righteous Lord;
Gladly ſupply the Troops with needful Store:
A friendly Race, an hoſpitable Shore.
Thro' the black Seaſon here the Monarch ſtay'd
Obſcure, and Fame around proclaim'd him dead.

Mean-

[Th' *Hebridian* Chief, *&c.*] *Æneas* or *Angus* Lord of the *Weſtern* Iſles.
[Wide o'er the Daughters, *&c.*] A poetical Way of expreſſing thoſe Iſlands ſcatter'd up and down thro' the *Caledonian* Sea.
[*Raclinda*] *Rauchrine* or *Rauchline*, one of the ſaid Iſlands.

Meanwhile his Foes aſſemble all their Bands,
Haraſs his Kindred, and ranſack their Lands.
No Diff'rence put 'twixt Sacred and Profane,
And ev'n the hallow'd Mitre pled in vain.
Glaſgow's old, loyal, venerable Sire,
In Bonds and Dungeons felt the Faction's Ire.
The noble *Seton*, ever dear to Fame,
A Godlike Patriot, and a ſpotleſs Name;
By factious Treaſon in *Lochdown* betray'd,
And to *Auguſta*'s hoſtile Tow'rs convey'd;
For *Scotia*'s Sake reſign'd his gallant Breath,
Great in his Life, and glorious in his Death.
Seton! thou Brave, thou ever loyal Name!
How the Muſe warms with the exalted Theme!
Let *Rome* no more her fam'd Preſevers boaſt,
Camillus, *Curii*, and the *Fabian* Hoſt;

[*Glaſgow*'s old, loyal, venerable Sire.] The Biſhop of *Glaſgow* (our Author does not mention his Name) impriſon'd and put to Death by the *Cuminian* Faction.
[The noble *Seton*.] Sir *Chriſtopher Seton*, the noble Anceſtor of the E. of *Winton*.
[*Auguſta*.] *London*.

Old *Albion*, in her *Setons*, vaunts her Odds,
A Race of HEROES rising into Gods.
The Royal Dame, beset with trait'rous Pow'r,
Forsakes *Kildrummy*, and the faithless Shore.
Northward she fled, but *Rossia*'s Rebel-Thane
Betray'd, ungenerous, the Femal Train;
Convey'd them Captive to *Augusta*'s Tow'rs,
To waste, confin'd, their melancholy Hours.

T' assail *Kildrummy* South'ron next prepare,
And young *Caernarvan* heads the num'rous War.
Great *Glocester* the youthful Leader joyns,
And, 'midst his Squadrons, hardy *Hertford* shines.
In broad Array the Legions sweep along,
And round the Walls dispose the warlike Throng.
Each Gate young *Edward* views, each Pass secures,
And Storms of Batt'ries rattle on the Tow'rs.
But gallant *Neil*, and *Athol*'s hardy Thane
Repel the Fury of the hostile Train:

In

In vain an Iron Tempeſt round them flies,
And Shocks of Engines thunder thro' the Skies.
Their noble Breaſts no Senſe of Danger palls,
Each Soul undaunted, as unmov'd the Walls.
Tir'd with the fruitleſs Task, th' impatient Prince
His Sire admoniſh'd of the bold Defence.
The haughty Sire ſoon arms his awful Pow'r,
And onward ſpeeds to *Solway*'s ſandy Shore.
Fond Man! How inſcious of thy mortal Date?
How blind to that laſt ſwift Approach of Fate?
In vain thou ſeeſt thy ſteely Legions glare,
And triumph'ſt in the Pomp of impious War.
In thy fond Heart proud Conqueſt vainly reigns,
And Luſt of lawleſs Pow'r thy Boſom ſtains.
In vain oppreſſive Sway thy Breaſt inſpires:
Behold the Period of thy vaſt Deſires!
Sudden, thou feel'ſt thy lateſt Minutes roll,
And in a paultry Hutt expir'ſt thy Soul.

Pride

And in a paultry Hutt, *&c.*] *Edward* I. died ſuddenly in this Expedition

Pride and Ambition hand thee down to Fame,
And Tyranny ſits black upon thy Name.
Not ſo, when once, 'gainſt unbelieving Foes,
Flam'd thy dread Fauchion in the ſacred Cauſe!
When *Antioch* ſaw thee Thunder on her Shore,
And *Syrian* Streams run red with *Pagan* Gore.
'Twas then bright Trophies to thy Name aroſe,
And Bays unfading grac'd thy awful Brows.
Now lawleſs Might and Fraud the Scene o'ercaſt,
Wither thy Laurels, and thy Triumphs blaſt.
Now, unlamented, thou reſign'ſt thy Breath,
The Hate of Life, and Ridicule of Death.

MEANWHILE the *Scots* maintain *Kildrummy*'s Tow'rs,
And Darts and Jav'lins mix in Iron Show'rs.
High in their glitt'ring Arms the Chiefs appear,
And from the Walls annoy the hoſtile War.

Impregnable

to *Scotland*, at a Cottage in a Place called *Burgh upon the Sands*.

Impregnable the mighty Fortreſs ſtands,
And braves the Force of all the South'ron Bands.
Vex'd at the vain Attack, the Prince recals
His Troops, juſt ready to forſake the Walls:
When ſuddenly a mighty Flame he ſpies
Burſt from the Roof, and crackle in the Skies.
Accurſt Contrivance! a perfidious *Scot*
Had in a ſecret Tow'r the Treaſon wrought.
At this, the Prince again his Squadrons forms,
And with freſh Force the flaming Fortreſs ſtorms.
Betray'd, the brave Defendants, and amaz'd,
With Tears upon the ſpreading Miſchief gaz'd.
No longer equal to the dire Diſpute,
Aſſail'd by Fire within, by Foes without;
Their Hopes extinguiſh'd, their Proviſions loſt,
On Terms ſurrender to the South'ron Hoſt.
But haughty *Edward*, who no Terms obſerv'd,
Some hang'd, ſome quarter'd, ſome in Priſons ſtarv'd.

The

The Chiefs, brave *Neil* and *Athol* long renown'd,
Their Fate amidſt a thouſand Torments found.

And now *Caernarvan* and his Bands retire,
To pay the laſt ſad Duties to his Sire.
The Court expecting on the Border-ſtrand,
Welcome the Monarch to his native Land.
Peers, Prelates, Gen'rals, Knights, a ſplendid Train!
Sumptuous attend, and aid the ſolemn Scene;
To *Weſtminſter* in ſable Pomp proceed,
Yawns the deep Marble, and receives the Dead!
The Sire's laſt Rites perform'd, his royal Son,
The young *Caernarvan*, mounts the South'ron Throne.

Meantime brave *Bruce* on *Rauchlin*'s rugged Shores,
Patient conſumes the Winter's bleaky Hours;
Intirely inſcious of the Low-land State,
His Captive Queen, and mighty *Edward*'s Fate.
Nor Fame had yet o'er thoſe wild Mountains ſpread
Kildrummy ſack'd, and his lov'd Brother dead.

Unknowing,

Unknowing, and unknown, his Days he paſt,
Far on a horrid, unregarded Coaſt.
But *Douglas* weary of the dull Delay,
The vain-ſpent Night, and the inactive Day;
The martial Youth aſpiring now to Fame,
To prove his Worth, and to aſſert his Name;
Cou'd brook no longer this inglorious Reſt,
And thus, impatient, the bold *Boyd* addreſt.

'How long, my Friend, thus idly ſhall we mourn
'Our Fortunes ruin'd, and the State undone?
'How long ſhall *Albion*'s unrelenting Foes
'Feed on her Spoils, and triumph in her Woes,
'While thus her Cauſe her Sons like Cowards yield,
'Nor dare aſſert her in the gen'rous Field?
'Forbid it Heav'n! nor let the *Douglas*' Fame
'Sink in a daſtard Son's inglorious Name.
'No; like my Sires, I'll ſeek the dire Debate,
'Meet the brave Day, and court the Face of Fate.

'Henceforth this anxious Soul ſhall know no Reſt,
'No Eaſe theſe Limbs, no Peace this lab'ring Breaſt;
'Till *Albion*, free from Force of foreign Bands,
'And from her impious Sons more barb'rous Hands,
'Shall in her Pomp of ancient Splendor riſe,
'Her Glory fill the Earth, and reach the diſtant Skies;
'Till *Bruce*, ſucceeding to his Right divine,
'Shall add new Luſtre to great *Fergus'* Line.
He ſaid: And *Boyd* aſſented as he ſpoke,
And at the King a ſudden Leave they took.

SWIFT from the rough *Raclinda*'s ſteepy Bay,
Launch the bold Chiefs, and ſweep the wat'ry Way,
Fly o'er the whit'ning Surface of the Main,
And land on *Arran*'s Coaſt their little Train.
Long had the Iſle obey'd the South'ron Pow'r,
And *Haſtings* govern'd on the rocky Shore.
In *Bradwick* Fortreſs lay the hoſtile Band,
When *Boyd* and *Douglas* gain'd the barren Strand.

The

The *Scots* withdrew, and in cloſe Ambuſh lay,
Far in a Thicket on a ſcroggy Bay.
Juſt as the Deputy three Galleys brought,
With Arms, and with Proviſions richly fraught;
The Mariners their Veſſels quickly moor,
As quick the *Scottiſh* Chiefs array their Pow'r.
The Servants led the Victuals from the Main,
Mov'd the ſtuff'd Waggons o'er the beachy Plain;
When, all amaz'd, the *Caravan* beheld
The hardy *Scots*, in Order, take the Field.
As when ſome Lion, couching on the Lawns,
Views from a rocky Cliff the ſportive Fawns;
The lordly Savage ſhoots along the Way,
Bounds from the Steep, and tears his trembling Prey.
Thus *Douglas*, furious, ruſh'd amidſt the Foe,
And twenty Deaths the Sea-beat Level ſtrow.
The artful *Boyd* his needleſs Aid reſtrain'd,
But ſpoil'd th' Attendants, and the Victuals gain'd.

By this bold *Haſtings* hears the warlike Noiſe,
And ireful to his Friends Aſſiſtance flies.
The doughty *Douglas* ſpies th' approaching Band,
And ſudden haſtes to meet them near the briny Strand.
But when the haughty South'ron Chief beheld
The daring Foe thus dauntleſs take the Field;
Superior, yet he dreads the *Douglas'* Might,
And back to *Brathwick* wings his coward Flight.
Brave *Douglas* to the Walls purſues in vain,
Strong was the Fort, and few the *Scottiſh* Train.
The Chief returning finds the hoſtile Store,
And faithful *Boyd* attending on the Shore.
Then, in the Covert of a ſhady Wood,
The *Scots* themſelves and all the Prey beſtow'd.

Ten Days were paſt, when *Bruce* embarques his Hoſt,
And ſwiftly launches from *Raclinda's* Coaſt.
Furniſh'd with needful Stores, the Royal Train
In thirty Galleys plow the wat'ry Plain

On

On *Arran*'s rocky Isle, direct, they bore,
And Gales, propitious, waft them to the Shore.
There rose a Hamlet on a rugged Bay;
Thither the King and Chiftains bent their Way;
Entred a paultry Inn, and, quick, demand
What Strangers, late, had trod the barren Strand.
Up rose a Female, and the Monarch led
Where *Boyd* and *Douglas* held the Forest-shade.
The *Bruce* his Horn inspires, the veh'ment Blast
Rings thro' the Wood, and floats along the Coast.
Alarm'd the Leaders at the well-known Sound,
With eager haste from out the Thicket bound.
Joyful salute the King, and then relate
The Warden's Foil, and their first prosp'rous Fate:
Thence to the Inn trace back the winding Shore,
And Menials lead along the rifled Store.
Rich South'ron Victuals load the homely Board,
And *Boyd* and *Douglas* entertain their Lord.

Next all the Army ſhare a large Repaſt,
Glad was the King, and merry was the Hoſt.

Now ceas'd keen *Boreas'* freezing Breath to blow,
And Streams, unbound, in grateful Murmurs flow.
No more, thro' louring Skies, mix'd Tempeſts reign,
Nor angry Surges ſwell the ſounding Main.
Smile all the Meads, and bloſſom all the Groves,
And the wing'd Songſters chant their tender Loves.
The various Beauties of the Spring appear,
And gentle *Zephyrs* fan the Genial Year.
The noble King three Days in *Arran*'s Iſle,
Refreſh'd his Troops, and reſted from his Toil.
Now tir'd of Eaſe, his Thoughts on *Carrick* bends,
And thither ſoon a faithful Courier ſends;
Bids him, attentive, view the Country o'er,
Practiſe with Caution, and their Faith explore.

If

[*On* Carrick, *&c.*] *Carrick* belong'd hereditarily to *Robert Bruce* in Right of his Mother, which made him the fonder to ſound the Inclinations of that People.

If friendly ------ on the Coaſt a Fire muſt blaze,
Th' undoubted Signal of a loyal Race.
The Meſſenger obeys, and quits the Strand,
And, ſwift, arrives on *Bruce*'s native Land.
The Peaſants tries, but finds them, as he goes,
All ſworn to South'ron, all the Monarch's Foes.
Yet or by Chance or Fraud, 'tis hard to ſay,
The Blaze appear'd upon th' appointed Day.
The careful King beholds the riſing Gleam,
And to the Leaders points the diſtant Flame.

But

[*A Fire muſt blaze, &c.*] I have always found it the greateſt Difficulty to bring up ſuch little Circumſtances as theſe to any Degree of Poetry. When the Action is great in it ſelf, and the Incidents proportionally noble, the Poet labours leaſt. A Dignity of Expreſſion riſes naturally out of the Greatneſs of ſuch an Action, and in that Caſe, a Man has more Uſe for his Judgment than his Genius, in order to moderate his Heat, and keep him from running up into Rant and Fuſtain. On the contrary, in petty Circumſtances, like this before us, the Judgment has but little to do; nor are they capable of Genius, becauſe they cannot be turn'd out of their own Nature, that is, they cannot be raiſed or depreſs'd with any manner of Decorum or Propriety.

[*The careful King beholds the riſing Gleam.*] In caſe the Reader ſhou'd not ſo well underſtand this Circumſtance, as 'tis narrated in Rhime, I ſhall tell him in Proſe, that the King had commanded a truſty Servant to paſs privately over from *Arran*, (where he then was) into *Carrick*, one of his own hereditary Poſſeſſions, in order to try the Inclinations of that People. If he found them Loyal, he was to erect

a

But whilſt the Sailors at their Lord's Command,
Unmoor the Fleet, and clear the crowded Strand;
The Hoſteſs, bent beneath a Load of Years,
Before the Monarch on the Beach appears.
Time on her Brows in wrinkled Furrows ſat,
But deep her Counſels, and her Words were Fate.
Some ſecret Pow'r her lab'ring Boſom ſway'd,
Her briſtled Hair roſe horrid round her Head;
Foaming ſhe ſtares, her Eye-balls wildly roul,
As *Bruce*'s Fate came full upon her Soul.
Her Words, in more than mortal Sounds, unfold
Long fix'd Decrees, and Oracles of old.
While thus --- 'Hail, Mighty Prince! purſue thy Way,
'Thro' Toil, to Glory and undoubted Sway.
'Deſcend-

a Fire upon the neareſt Point of Land towards *Arran*, as a Sign of their Fidelity and good Diſpoſition; but if not, he was to come off ptivately as he went, without kindling any ſuch Fire. He found them intirely in the *Engliſh* Intereſt, and *Bruce*'s Enemies to a Man, and conſequently erected no Fire. However, either by Chance, or to the King's Imagination, a Fire did appear, which carried him over amongſt the Midſt of his Enemies.

' Deſcended of an ancient *Druid*, I
' Feel future Scenes, and labour with the Sky.
' Long ſhalt thou ſtrugle in the dire Debate,
' Combat Diſtreſſes, and contend with Fate.
' Ev'n now I ſee thee ſweating on the Shore,
' And the red Field diſtain'd with running Gore.
' I ſee a HERO, now amidſt our Foes,
' Whoſe Soul, miſled, ſtill loves the loyal Cauſe;
' By ſubtil Art to South'ron Homage brought,
' Riſe on Neglect, and conquer by his Fault.
' I ſee a Knight from hoſtile Regions far,
' Great in his Wrongs, approach to Aid thy War,

[*Deſcended of an ancient* Druid, *&c.*] The *Druids* were ancient Heathen Prieſts both in *France* and *Britain*. They generally perform'd all their religious Offices under Oak Trees, and from thence receiv'd their Name; for ſo Oaks are call'd in the *Greek* and old *Celtorſeythic* Language.

[*I ſee a* HERO, *now amidſt our Foes,* ---- *Riſe on Neglect &c.*] This was *Thomas Randolf*, the King's Nevoy, who had been taken, and was at this Time in the *Engliſh* Intereſt; But was afterwards receiv'd by *James Douglas*, as I hinted before. At the Battle of *Bannockburn*, he happen'd to neglect a Poſt His Majeſty had order'd him to maintain, but afterwards bravely recover'd his Honour, and was a great Inſtrument in the Victory of that Day.

'The injur'd Exile combats with Diſdain,
'And Glory crowns him on a foreign Plain.
'I ſee yon ſable Chief, amidſt the Croud,
'All grim with Duſt, and ſtain'd with future Blood.
'Ere yet Eternal Slumbers ſeal thine Eyes,
'Ere yet thy Soul ſhall mount its kindred Skies;
'To him I hear thy lateſt Breath impart
'The pious Charge of thine untainted Heart:
'Pure from thy Breaſt, enchas'd in ſhining Ore,
'To bear the Relique to the ſacred Shore.
'I ſee the HERO eager to fulfil
'The laſt great Mandate of his Sov'reign's Will,

'Around

[*The injur'd Exile*, &c.] The Anceſtor of the preſent Duke of *Hamilton*. His Name was *Gilbert Hampton*, deſcended (as ſome ſay) of the Family of *Leiceſter*. This Gentleman having ſpoke well of *Robert Bruce* in the *Engliſh* Court, was, for that Reaſon, ſuddenly attack'd, and ſlightly wounded by one of the *Spencers* then great Favourites of *Edward* II. The Croud interpos'd, ſo as Mr. *Hampton* could not revenge himſelf at that Time, but the next Day he met him, and run him through. Upon this he left his Country, and fled to *Robert Bruce*, who receiv'd him kindly, and in lieu of his Eſtate, which was then forfeited in *England*, gave him the Lands of *Cardzow*, *Hamiltoun*, &c. in the *Weſt*, and chang'd his Name from *Hampton* to *Hamilton*. He behav'd with the utmoſt Bravery at *Bannockburn*, and was knighted on the Field.

[*I ſee yon ſable Chief*, &c.] *James Douglas*, who was order'd by K. *Robert* to carry his Heart after his Death to the Holy Land.

‘ Around encompaſs'd by a warlike Throng,
‘ And joyn'd by *Sinclair*, and the gallant *Young*;
‘ In *Tay*'s broad Chanel hoiſt his ſwelling Sails,
‘ Waft o'er the Brine, and reach *Iberia*'s Vales.
‘ I ſee him there oppoſe his manly Breaſt
‘ To ſwarming Legions from the ſwarthy *Eaſt*;
‘ All bath'd in Blood, upon the diſtant Shore,
‘ I ſee him thunder thro' the Pagan War;
‘ I ſee whole Nations fall beneath his Hand,
‘ And *Oſman*'s Millions choak th' *Iberian* Strand.
‘ But now his Courage into Raſhneſs grows,
‘ And, fluſh'd with Succeſs, he diſdains his Foes;

[*And reach* Iberia's *Vales.*] *Iberia* and *Heſperia* ancient Names of *Spain.*

[*To ſwarming Legions from the ſwarthy* Eaſt.] This was about the End of the 13th Century, when thoſe Expeditions of the Chriſtian Princes (commonly call'd the *Croiſade*) in order to recover the Holy Land out of the Hands of the Infidels, were hotteſt. *James Douglas* having been enjoyn'd (as I have hinted) to carry the King's Heart to the Holy Sepulchre, hearing in his Paſſage by the Coaſt of *Spain*, that the *Saracens* were very numerous, and prevail'd exceedingly there, immediately landed, engaged and defeated them in ſeveral Battles. At laſt growing too confident of his Succeſs, the Enemy having now become contemptible to him, and venturing to purſue a vaſt Number with a Handful of Men, he fell into an Ambuſcade, was ſurrounded and ſlain.

[*Oſman*] Emperor of the *Saracens.*

'Too far, incautious, tempts the treach'rous Plain,
'O'erborn by Armies, and by Armies ſlain.
'More I cou'd name of ancient loyal Blood,
'But ſee ---- thy Fleet already ſtems the Flood.
'Go then, to Glory, patient, trace thy Way,
'Till once ſhall dawn the bright immortal Day;
'When *one brave Field* ſhall all thy Labours crown,
'And Earth and Skies ſhall ecchо thy Renown.
'And to confirm the Fate I now declare,
'Mine own two Sons ſhall all thy Dangers ſhare;
'Attend thy Toils, 'till the great Task is done,
'And Fate have fix'd the *Bruce* on *Fergus'* ancient Throne.'

THUS far the Propheteſs, and bent her Way
Back to the Inn; the Monarch put to Sea.
The lab'ring Oars the heaving Billows ſweep,
Bound the ſwift Veſſels o'er the hoary Deep.
At laſt they gain the *Bruce*'s native Land,
And the moor'd Galleys cloud the Oozy Strand.

Dejected,

Dejected, on the Beach appear'd the Squire,
Before commiſſion'd to erect the Fire.
He told the Monarch all was hoſtile Ground,
And the bold *Piercy* rul'd the Country round.
Three hundred South'ron waited his Command,
Himſelf the ſov'reign Tyrant of the Land.
Then ask'd the Monarch, how he dar'd to raiſe
Upon a hoſtile Coaſt the trait'rous Blaze?
The Man deny'd; nor knew he how it came,
Nor durſt extinguiſh the deceitful Flame.
Then thus the King accoſts the Council round,
'Or ſhall we venture on the faithleſs Ground?
'Or ſilent ſhall we quit the dangerous Plain,
'Unmoor our Fleet, and meaſure back the Main?'
To this the fiery *Edward* firſt reply'd,
'No Dread ſhall drive me back into the Tide;
'Let Thouſands meet our Hundreds on the Strand,
'Reſolv'd I'll venture on the Rebel-land.

The

The Monarch ſmil'd, the Chiefs the Sentence own,
March the bold Squadrons to the neighb'ring Town.
'Twas Night, and all ſecure the South'ron ſlept,
No Danger dreaded, and no Watches kept.
Diverſe, the *Scots* to diſtant Quarters go,
And, fierce, with Shouts aſſail the drouſy Foe;
Break ſplint'ring Bars, and burſt oppoſing Doors,
And with red Torrents, ſudden, ſtain the Floors.
The Air around mix'd Groans and Clamours bears,
And mournful Accents reach Lord *Piercy*'s Ears.
But ſafe in *Turnb'ry*-Fortreſs *Piercy* lay,
Nor durſt approach or mingle in the Fray.
Alone *M'Dougal*, who betray'd before
The Monarch's Brothers to the South'ron Pow'r;
An ancient Traitor, 'ſcap'd by ſudden Flight,
Unknown, and favour'd by the Shades of Night.

Before

[*Alone* M'Dougal, *&c.*] This was not *M'Dougal* of *Lorn*, whoſe Engagement with the King we have deſcrib'd before; but one *Duncan M'Dougal* of *Galloway*, who had betray'd *Thomas* and *Alexander Bruce* the King's Brothers to the *Engliſh*; and this is all the Notice my Author takes of that Action.

Before the Sun aroſe to gild the Day,
Drench'd in their Gore three hundred South'ron lay.
Next *Turnb'ry* Caſtle the bold Monarch view'd
But then impregnable the Fortreſs ſtood.
Two Days Lord *Piercy* lurk'd within the Walls,
And on the Third a faithful Courier calls.
Straight to *Northumberland* his Orders ſends,
To warn his Friends, and raiſe his native Bands.
Nortumbrian Pow'rs the Courier ſoon alarms,
And ſudden ſhone a thouſand Men in Arms.
But *Gaudifer de Lyle*, an ancient Knight,
Who knew the *Scottiſh* Chiefs, and *Bruce*'s Might;
Diſſwades his Vaſſals from a March ſo far,
Propounds the Danger, and deters the War:
The Folly ſhows to ſeek in their own Soil
An Hoſt experienc'd, and inur'd to Toil.

The

[*Gaudifer de Lyle*, &c.] A *French* Name, one of thoſe who ſettled in *England* after the Conqueſt. It is repreſented by the Honourable 'Squire *Lyle*, a Gentleman of a conſiderable Fortune in *Northumberland* to this Day.

The Troops, diſheartned, wou'd have quit the Shore,
But hardy St. *John* animates the Pow'r.
By him conducted, ſoon arrive the Hoſt,
And guard Lord *Piercy* to his native Coaſt.
Secret they march'd, reſolving not to fight,
For now the South'ron fear'd the Monarch's Might.

MEANTIME, ſecure, the *Scots* in *Carrick* lay,
And all the Region own'd their Sov'reign's Sway.
The King at Leiſure view'd the Country round,
And mark'd the Ruins of his native Ground.
As *Phœbus* once, declining to the Sea,
Glow'd on the Margin of *Heſperian* Day;
Along the pleaſing Vales the Monarch ſtray'd,
And *Boyd* and *Douglas* clos'd his Royal Side.
Far on the Lawns a warlike Troop they ſpy'd,
And at their Head a Nymph her Charms diſplay'd.

Ad-

[*Hardy St.* John, *&c.*] The Anceſtor of the late Viſcount *Bolingbroke*.

Advanc'd the Loyal Fair with eaſy Grace,
The Monarch's Couſin, of *Clackmannan*'s Race.
Approaching, the bright Dame and all her Train
Their Sov'reign hail, ſubmiſſive, on the Plain.
Her Name and Bus'neſs next the Nymph expreſt,
The King, ſurpris'd, the loyal Fair embrac'd.
To ſerve their Prince, ſhe told, theſe Warriors came,
The *Bruce* accepts the Aids, and thanks the gen'rous Dame.
A Band of Forty kneeling on the Shore,
A firm inviolable Homage ſwore.
The King and Chiefs diſpoſe the liſted War,
And ſtraight to *Turnb'ry* Fort conduct the Fair.
Glad was the Monarch, but his Joy how ſhort,
Soon as he heard the Lady's ſad Report?
His Royal Conſort to the Foe betray'd,
His Brother, *Athol*, and brave *Seton* dead!

[*The Monarch's Couſin*, &c.] This Lady was of the Houſe of *Clackmannan*, which Family is ſtill extant, and its Honourable Repreſentative Chief of the *Bruces*.

How did he mourn, how did the Chiefs deplore
That Scene of Fate to them unknown before?
The Dame herſelf ſome Comfort muſt afford
To ſoothe the Leaders, and their doleful Lord.
Sometime ſhe ſtay'd, and her fond Care expreſt,
To lull the Tumult in her Sov'reign's Breaſt:
At laſt departs, the Chiefs in Order came,
And homeward, grateful, guard the gen'rous Dame.

BOOK III.

THE King o'er *Carrick* now extends his Sway;
Submit the Chiftains, and the Boors obey;
Peaceful, and gently rules his native Land,
And ev'ry Subject feels the ſoft Command.
But doughty *Douglas*, now a dreadful Name,
Fir'd with an high uncommon Thirſt of Fame;
Feels no Delight, nor taſtes his lab'ring Breaſt
The lazy Charms of an inglorious Reſt.
War's diſtant Scenes ſtill in his Boſom roll,
And future Fields run Crimſon in his Soul.
Whilſt thus his Heart the glorious Impulſe feels,
He meets his Prince, and thus his Thoughts reveals.

'Now, gen'rous Sov'reign! you have gain'd your own,
'Th' auſpicious Prelude to your lineal Crown.
'But *Clifford*, ſtill poſſeſt of my Domains,
'His lawleſs Title to my Right maintains.
'But here I vow by all th' immortal Pow'rs,
'That tread yon Azure Vault, and bliſsful Bow'rs;
'He either ſhall reſign my rightful State,
'Or one of us ſhall meet a ſudden Fate.
'Forth then, dread Sov'reign! give me Leave to go,
'Purſue my Fortune, and attempt the Foe.
'His Arms and mine ſhall in the Field be try'd,
'And fix the Title to the conqu'ring Side.
'Yon Chief may ſee your Subject bravely dy,
'But ne'er ſhall *Clifford* ſee the *Douglas* fly.'

The HERO thus. But *Bruce*, whoſe cautious Mind
Events and Means in juſt Proportion joyn'd,

Oppos'd

[*But* Clifford *ſtill poſſeſt*, &c.] Lord *Clifford* had got the Grant of *Douglas* his Lands from *Edward* I.

Oppos'd the Motion, and the Chiftain told
'The Foe was num'rous, and the Leader bold.
'I know thou dar'ft, he ſaid, but haſt not Pow'r
'To match yon Captain on the doubtful Shore.
'Weigh well the Odds, and thy Reſolves delay,
'Till Heav'n ſhall open a ſecurer Way;
'Till we ſome farther our juſt Right regain,
'Then may we try our Fortune on the Plain.'
Thus the wiſe Monarch. *Douglas* quick reply'd,
'Did all the Pow'r of *England* guard his Side;
'I'll meet th' Uſurper in the Field of Death,
'My Right reconquer, or reſign my Breath.'
'Go then, ſaid *Bruce*, and bleſs'd him as he went,
'May Heav'n, propitious, ſecond thy Intent.'

Now *Douglas* ſpeeds him to his native Land,
And only Two th' advent'rous Chief attend.
Thro' Hills and Dales, and rugged Rocks by Day
Painful he labours on his cautious Way.

By Night ſome Grove affords a moſſy Bed,
And round him throws its hoſpitable Shade.
Secret, at laſt, thro' Paths untrod before,
Arrives the HERO on his native Shore.
'Twas Night, and now from the laborious Field
The Swain retiring, ſeeks his homely Bield.
Sol's fiery Chariot drench'd in Ocean lies,
And Stars began to ſpangle o'er the Skies;
When thro' the Gloom the Chief a Stead eſpy'd,
And a ſoft Stream juſt murm'ring by its Side.
Then from within a Taper's twinkling Light,
Pointed his doubtful Paſſage thro' the Night.
Bold *Douglas*, cautious, view'd the Stead around,
And by the Barn the honeſt Farmer found;
Who mark'd (his Labours done) with curious Eyes
The Signs, and read the Symptoms of the Skies;
Adjuſt-

[*A Stead eſpy'd*, &c.] A Stead is a *Scotch* Word for a Country Farm or Cottage.

Adjuſting, by the Stars, to Morrow's Toil,
To threſh the Grain, or vex the fallow Soil.
Becauſe the Stars (as Swains, experienc'd, ſay)
Are certain Prophets of the future Day.
Douglas the Man approaching, ſoftly calls,
Friend! may three Yeomen harbour in thy Walls
This Night? Nor longer we reſolve to ſtay,
But with to Morrow's Sun renew our Way.
The Lab'rer, unabas'd, enquires their Name,
What their late Journey meant, and whence they came?
And, feign'dly, ſatisfy'd in thoſe Requeſts,
Straight to his homely Parlour leads the Gueſts.
Now *Douglas*, ſeated in the Houſhold-chair,
(The Reſt promiſcuous round the beamy Fire,)
View'd his new Hoſt, nor view'd without Surprize,
And mark'd the ſparkling Vigour of his Eyes.
A lively Bloom his manly Face o'erſpread,
Tho' Sixty Winters had already ſhed
Their ſnowy Honours o'er his rev'rend Head.

Juſt were his Sentiments, his Looks ſerene,
And all the Man expreſs'd a more than vulgar Mien.
Nor was the Loyal Boor unknown to Fame,
True to his Lord, and *Dickſon* was his Name.
A jolly Ruſtick, and in Danger bold,
And long had ſerv'd the *Douglas*' Sire of Old.
The Board was loaded with a clean Repaſt,
And the kind Hoſt invites each hungry Gueſt.
Great *Douglas* now conſpicuous by the Light
The Farmer views, and wonders at the Sight.
His noble Mein, and his erected Face
Undaunted, ſheds around a dreadful Grace.
His Brows, auguſt, in ſable Arches riſe,
And glare, two living Fires, his piercing Eyes.
Huge *Nervous* Limbs compos'd the HERO's Frame,
His Looks were Terror, and his Soul was Flame!
The Lab'rer, curious, runs his Viſage o'er,
And marks ſome Features not unknown before.

Intent

Intent he gaz'd, impell'd by fond Deſire,
And in the Son began to trace the Sire.
By this the Gueſts had finiſh'd their Repaſt,
And Sleep invites each weary Swain to Reſt.
Douglas alone ſtill with the Farmer ſtay'd,
While to the Chief the Loyal *Dickſon* ſaid,
'Pardon, my Lord, perhaps an erring Thought,
'Nor blame the Man whoſe Zeal may be his Fault.
'Superior I o'er all his menial Throng
'Your Father ſerv'd, and think I ſaw you young.
'I ſhar'd my Country's Troubles, nor has Fame
'Ev'n bluſh'd to mention *Thomas Dickſon's* Name.
'I know by South'ron Pow'r my Maſter gone;
'But hope I view the Father in the Son.'
He ſaid, and Tears run trickling from his Eyes,
Whilſt, half aſtoniſh'd, *Douglas* thus replyes.
'Faithful old Man! How am I pleas'd to ſee
'My Father's Friend and mine alive in thee?

'My good old Father! dead in South'ron Chains!
'And I excluded all his wide Domains;
'While *Clifford* holds my Heritage by Might,
'And reigns a lawleſs Tyrant o'er my Right!
'Therefore I come (your ancient Maſter's Son)
'To try ſome Method to regain my own.
'And here I vow by ev'ry ſacred Pow'r,
'That never ſhall I quit this native Shore;
'Till *Clifford* or reſigns without Debate,
'Or one of us in Battle meets his Fate.
'Now (ſince the dubious Means diſtract my Choice,
'Prove your Affection in your beſt Advice.'

THUS ſpoke the Chief, and *Dickſon* ſoon reply'd,
'To Morrow's Light ſome Succours ſhall provide.
'My Duty to your noble Sire I own,
'Nor ſhall, ungrateful, e'er deſert his Son.'
This ſaid, to Bed the honeſt Farmer goes,
And leaves the *Douglas* to his late Repoſe.

SCARCE

SCARCE had the Orient Dawn diſclos'd the Day,
When Loyal *Dickſon* ſpeeds him on his Way.
Thro' *Douglaſdale* his eager Steps he bends,
And ſecret warns his Maſter's ancient Friends.
Each Man in Private bids his Arms prepare,
And ſingly to his Farm by Night repair.
The loyal Swains to his Deſire accord,
And one by one haſte to attend their Lord.
Hardy in Arms full Forty Ruſtics came,
And ſwore Allegiance to brave *Douglas'* Name.
Round their young Chief the joyful Vaſſals ſtood,
Old Borderers! and long bred up to Blood.
Douglas, mean while, embraces all his Friends,
And, artful, their paſt Services commends.
Now down in *Dickſon*'s Barn the Council ſat,
The largeſt Room, and fitteſt for Debate.
The Queſtion's put ---- What ſhou'd be firſt eſſay'd?
The *Douglas'* Caſtle, all at once reply'd.

For if from *Clifford* we that Fortreſs gain,
We may with greater Eaſe the future Strife maintain.
There South'ron hoard their Stores, themſelves ſecure,
And ſafe within the Walls defy our Pow'r.
Near to the Caſtle, on th' adjoyning Plain
Erected, ſtands *Brigidia*'s ancient Fane.
Thither, next *Sunday*, South'ron bear their Palms,
There pay their Vows, and diſtribute their Alms.
Then, let us each his private Arms prepare,
And to the Temple one by one repair;
There all at once, unwary as they ſtand,
Boldly with Swords aſſail the South'ron Band.
Aſſents the Chief. Each homeward bends his Way,
And, unſuſpected, waits th' appointed Day.
Appear'd the Day. The hardy *Scots* attend
At Church, and South'ron from the Fort deſcend.

Juſt

[*Brigidia*,] *Brigida*, or *Bxigitta*, A holy Woman, to whom this Church was conſecrated. She was the Inſtitutor of an Order of Nuns in the Time of Pope *Urban* V. *A. D.* 1264.

[*Fane*,] from the *Latin Fanum*, a Temple or Church.

Juſt as the Prieſt the ſacred Rites began,
And all, promiſcuous, crowding throng'd the Fane;
Dickſon aloud, The *noble Douglas*, cry'd,
Th' appointed Signal to the *Scottiſh* Side.
The Bord'rers, at the *Word*, their Weapons bare,
And, fierce, before the Quire commence the War.
The Prieſt and People with the Scene diſmay'd,
From 'midſt the Combatants confus'dly fled,
Straight to the Chancel's utmoſt ſacred Mound,
And graſp'd th' inviolable Altar round.
Meanwhile the South'ron in their Arms appear,
Rang'd in the Quire, and bravely face the War.
But *Douglas*, whirling round his flaming Brand,
Like Thunder burſts upon the adverſe Band.
In Heaps on Heaps the Foe to Ground he bore,
And Purple Streams ſtray'd o'er the hallowed Floor.

His

[*The Bord'rers at the Word*, &c.] It was common in thoſe Days to have a certain Word whereby to animate the Men when they began the Battle, or at any Time when they ſlacken'd, or began to weary, and intermit. This Word was com-

His Vaſſals almoſt interrupt the Fight,
And gaze, aſtoniſh'd, at their Leader's Might;
Till hardy *Dickſon Douglas* names again,
Then all the *Scots* at once their Force unrein,
And ſtrow the breathleſs Corſes round the Fane.
Thence to th' adjoyning Caſtle march'd the Pow'r,
Warm as they were, and red, with recent Gore.
Void, and defenceleſs 'gainſt a hoſtile Crowd,
With Gates diſclos'd, at large the Fortreſs ſtood.
Entring, the Train a Cook and Porter met,
Poor Menials! doom'd to ſhare their Maſter's Fate.
The Porter, negligent, deſerv'd the Stroak,
But where the Treſpaſs of the harmleſs Cook?
Ev'n now, had he prepar'd a ſumptuous Feaſt,
His hapleſs Labours doom'd ----- but juſt to taſte.

His

commonly the Name of the King, or the Captain who led them at that Time, perhaps their Country, or the Cauſe for which they fought.

[*Ev'n now, had he prepar'd,* &c.] My Readers will pleaſe pardon the Levity of this Paſſage, I happen'd to be in a little Gaiety of Humour, and cou'd not get by it. If it gives Offence to the Criticks, as an Indecorum in a ſerious Performance, they

His well-dreſs'd Victuals bloody *Douglas* gains,
Eats up his Hopes, and riots in his Pains.
The Repaſt done, they ſearch the Caſtle o'er,
Seize Clothes, and Arms, and pillage all the Store;
Truſs what they can, then fire the Houſe around,
And the gay Fortreſs level with the Ground.
To Woods and Wilds, in ſecret, thro' the Land,
Repairs the Chiftain, and his loyal Band;
By *Dickſon* yet diſſwaded to appear,
Till freſh Supplies ſhou'd reinforce their War.
Inform'd now *Clifford* ſpeeds o'er *Solway*'s Shore,
And thro' the Dales, indignant, leads his Pow'r.
He came, he view'd his Fort in Aſhes laid,
His Stores all rifled, and his Servants dead.

Bold

they may apply themſelves to ſacred or profane Antiquity, and they'll perhaps find the Character and Office of a Cook not ſo deſpicable as is commonly imagin'd, elſe I had hardly meddled with this poor Fellow at all.

[*Solway*'s *Shore*,] *Solway*-Firth divideth *England* and *Scotland* on the *Weſt* Border. It hath its Denomination from an ancient People call'd *Selgovi*, who, in *Ptolomey*'s Time, dwelt near it, and were a Tribe of the *Brigantes*.

Bold *Douglas*, Author of the horrid Scene,
Vengeful he ſought, but ſought the Chief in vain;
Nor durſt too far thro' Woods and Wilds purſue
So brave a Leader, and ſo bold a Crew.
Returning, ſoon his Artizans he calls,
Re-builds the Fort, and ſtronger rears the Walls.
Appoints the Guards, and re-inſtates the Land,
And to keen *Thirſwall* deputes the Command.
This done, to *Solway* reconducts his Hoſt,
And quickly lands on *England*'s fruitful Coaſt.

In *Carrick* ſtill the noble Monarch lay,
And o'er his own exerts his Clement Sway.
The Region whole a firm Obedience ſhows,
Aſſerts his Claim, and aids the Royal Cauſe.
Meantime great *Pembroke* from *Edina*'s Tow'rs,
Aſſembles all around the South'ron Pow'rs.
Soon at the Summons rendezvous the Bands,
And hardy *Omphraville* the Troops commands.

By

By *Pembroke* order'd to conduct the Hoſt
Againſt the *Bruce*, and *Carrick*'s Rebel-coaſt;
Sudden, the Warlike Chief in Armour ſhines,
And ſtraight to *Air* advance th' embattled Lines.
Nor wou'd fly *Omphraville* purſue too far,
Thro' Fenns and Faſtneſſes, the Royal war.
He knew his Force ſuperior, but he knew
What the bold Monarch in the Field cou'd do;
So judg'd it Conduct to decline the Fight,
To act by Treachery, and gain by Slight.
A Boor in *Carrick*, not unskill'd in Arms,
And his two Sons manur'd adjoyning Farms,
Robuſt, in Enterprizes hardy found,
The Terror of the Neighbourhood around.
Upon the Sire the *Bruce* had oft rely'd,
And his firm Faith in frequent Danger try'd;
Firm unattempted ---- but too baſe to hold
Unſtain'd, againſt th' infernal Tempter Gold.

Gold! Of each Virtue the undoubted Teſt,
Diſſolves in Treaſon thro' the Villain's Breaſt.
As by Degrees, in diſtant *India*'s Mines,
By Suns, and Central Steams, the Ore refines;
So in the Soul the Metal works by Time,
Exalts to Guilt, and ripens into Crime.
Sly *Omphraville* a ſecret Meſſage ſends
To the falſe Boor; the Boor the Chief attends.
The Treaſon in a Moment is decreed,
And Forty Pound the Price of *Bruce*'s Head.
Back to his Farm returns the Felon-Boor,
Informs his Sons, and waits the treach'rous Hour.
He knew the Monarch us'd each op'ning Dawn,
To take the Air along a ſcroggy Lawn.
Thence o'er a Mountain to a diſtant Wood,
A Page attending on his Solitude.
Thither completely arm'd the Rogues repair,
With Swords, and Spears, and Implements of War.

Now,

Now, ſudden, muſt the glorious Monarch bleed,
A Traitor-Friend the Author of the Deed!
Unſeen, unaided by his faithful Bands,
Muſt fall a Victim to a Villain's Hands.
But Fate forbids! and *Ariel* from on high,
Swift as a Thought, ſhoots down the Nether-Sky.
Not half ſo quick, the Lightning's flaſhy glare
Burſts on the Night, and glances thro' the Air.
Faſt by his Charge, unſeen, the Guardian ſtands,
Warms his brave Heart, and fortifies his Hands.
And now the Monarch, thro' the gloomy Dawn,
Eſpies the Traitors ſtretching o'er the Lawn;
Feels in his Breaſt a jealous Impulſe roll,
And ſecret Treaſon whiſper'd to his Soul:
What Arms the Boy had brought in haſte demands,
A Bow and ſingle Arrow charg'd his Hands.
He ſnatch'd, and as he bent the twanging Eugh,
The trembling Child aſſum'd a livid Hue.

Then to the String he fits the feather'd Flane,
And bids the Page retire --- for, *Villains croſs'd the Plain.*
Approaching, now the Three were juſt at Hand,
When, loud, the Monarch bids the Raſcals ſtand,
Nor dare the Lawn one further Step to tread,
Or Death attends the Order diſobey'd.
The Ruſtic Sire continues to advance,
And fawns, and ſeems ſurpris'd at his Offence.
Enquires ſubmiſſive —— ſtill approaching near,
The whizzing Death ſwift cleaves the yielding Air;
Thro' the left Orb of Light it pierc'd the Brain,
The Traitor, reeling, backward preſs'd the Plain.
The vengeful Son fir'd at the Father's Fall,
Furious advanc'd the Monarch to aſſail.
Charg'd in his Hand a large broad Fauchion ſhone;
The King unſheath'd his Sword, and met the Clown.
With manly Force, full aim'd, the ſhining Blade
Down to the Jaws divides the Villain's Head.

Ireful the Third, advancing to the War,
Againſt his Prince protends a Length of Spear.
The Monarch bending ſhuns the coming Foe,
And hews the Lance aſunder at a Blow;
Then thro' his Bowels drove the reeking Brand,
Tumbles the Rebel-Carcaſe on the Strand.
Now roul the Traitors in the Gaſps of Death,
And curſe the Treaſon with their parting Breath.
Their Souls, with Horror fraught, forſake the Light,
Flit, conſcious, to the Shades, and veil their Forms in Night.
The Scene completed, and the Felons dead,
His Vows to Heav'n the grateful Monarch paid.
Then, with his Page, returning to his own,
Relates th' Adventure of the diſtant Lawn.
The Chiftains hear the Tale with vaſt Surprize,
And blame their Monarch, while they thank the Skies.
Inform'd, fly *Omphraville* purſues his Way,
Straight to *Lochmaben* where the Warden lay.

Be-

Before that Chief runs o'er the recent Scene,
The Treaſon baffled, and the Traitors ſlain.
Pembroke himſelf admires the Monarch's Force,
Tho' vex'd, and puzzled in his future Courſe.

BRUCE reſts a while, but ſoon a warlike Hoſt
From *Gall'way*'s Shores advance to *Carrick*'s Coaſt.
Two hundred Men in Battle broad array'd,
The late eſcap'd *M'Dougal* at their Head.
His Pow'r diſpos'd in Hamlets thro' the Land,
Scarce Sixty Warriors on the King attend.
With theſe the *Bruce* by Night purſues his Way,
Where a great River waſh'd a craggy Bay.
The Royal Watch had view'd the Foe afar,
And to their own declar'd the coming War.
The crafty King in Covert lodg'd his Band,
Himſelf alone adventur'd to the Strand;
Nor forward to engage in doubtful Fight,
He went, and view'd the Foe by *Cynthia*'s friendly Light;

Full

Full on the River's rocky Margin ſtood,
And ſaw the Van on Horſeback take the Flood:
Then felt his Soul with ſudden Ardour glow,
To match alone with all the coming Foe!
The Stream he ſaw in its deep Chanel glide,
And riſing Rocks o'erhang the ſilent Side.
Careful he ſearch'd the rugged Margin round,
And from the Bank but one ſtrait Paſſage found;
Where one at once on Horſeback, and no more,
Cou'd juſt but labour up the ſteepy Shore.
Fir'd by ſome Act Divine! the Monarch there
His Sword unſheaths, and, ſingly, waits the War!
Advance the Pow'r, and, joyn'd, the Current break,
The Chiftain firſt deſcries the ſteepy Track.
Cautious aſcends, and as he culls his Way,
A Man in Arms eſpies upon the Bay.
He mounts, and near had gain'd the rugged Brow,
When daring *Bruce* diſcharg'd a deadly Blow.

Full

Full on his Caſque deſcends the forceful Stroke,
Backward the Chiftain tumbles from the Rock;
And checking, as he fell, th' untimely Rein,
Recoil'd the Steed on the ſucceeding Train;
Hurl'd headlong downward from the craggy Side,
Mix'd Men and Courſers flounder in the Tide.
Some in the Fall were bruis'd, and others ſlain,
Their Fellows gaz'd aſtoniſh'd, at the Scene.
Now fir'd with Rage all haſten to the Fray,
And with loud Shouts at once aſcend the Bay.
But in the Paſs ſee the bold Monarch ſtand,
And in the foremoſt Courſer plunge his Brand.
Reels the gall'd Courſer back upon the Crowd,
And *Bruce*'s Fauchion drinks the Rider's Blood.
Succeſsful, he purſues the lucky Blow,
And down the Steep, confounded, drives the Foe.

Awful

[*And down the Steep, confounded,* &c.] I conſider'd this Action in all the Lights I poſſibly could, before I adventur'd to narrate it. It has indeed an Air of Improbability in it at firſt Sight, and ſavours ſomewhat of Romance. But if we look

Awful he thunders on the falling War,
And Steeds and Riders tumble on the Shore.
Now mingled Heaps on Heaps, they choak the Bay,
The Paſs encumber, and block up the Way.
Amaz'd, the Rear in wild Confuſion ſtood,
Entangled in the Margin of the Flood.
Swift down the ſteepy Track the Monarch ſped,
And dauntleſs trod the Ruins of the Dead.
Fierce on the River's Brink, by *Cynthia*'s Light,
With dreadful Shouts commenc'd the doubtful Fight.
With awful Force he ruſh'd upon his Foes,
Marr'd and encumbred in the ſlimy Ooze.
Full Fifteen Warriors, by his ſingle Hand,
Drench'd in their Blood, lay gaſping on the Strand.

T Cruſht

look into the Character of the Perſon who manag'd it, a Man of the utmoſt Courage and Conduct, join'd to an extraordinary Strength of Body, advantag'd on this Occaſion by the Circumſtances of the Time (it being Night) and likewiſe by the Narrowneſs and Steepneſs of the Place; all theſe put together, did in my Judgment ſalve the Probability, and induc'd me to the Narration. But I leave the Reader to his own Opinion.

Cruſht by his ſingle Might, the daſtard Pow'r
Retire, infamous, to the farther Shore;
Bear their Diſgrace to *Gall'way*s diſtant Coaſt:
Returns the conqu'ring Monarch to his Hoſt.

STILL in the Dales the hardy *Douglas* lay,
And *Thirſwal* ſtill poſſeſt his native Sway.
Long had he ſeen the haughty South'ron Bands,
Reign uncontroul'd, and riot o'er his Lands.
At laſt the Chief his Friends to Council calls,
Where a ſmall Wood near joyn'd the Caſtle-walls.
There they delib'rate to decoy the Train,
And draw the haughty *Thirſwal* to the Plain.
Some Herds (the Country's ſpoils) at Random fed,
Hard by the Fort, along a ſhrubby Mead.
Theſe *Douglas* Orders Ten to drive away,
In Ambuſh Forty in the Foreſt lay;
Himſelf their Head. Soon by the Ev'ning-Dawn,
Speedful, they drive the Cattle from the Lawn.

The

[*Seen by the Ev'ning-Dawn.*] I wou'd not have our Critics miſtake this Ex-

The Watch eſpies the Theft, and ſudden calls.
Thirſwal and his in Arms deſcend the Walls;
Purſue the Robb'ry o'er the op'ning Glade,
And juſt had paſt the ſecret Ambuſcade;
When *Douglas* roſe, and all the private War
Ruſh'd to the Plain, and charg'd the South'ron Rear.
The blended Shouts behind the Van ſurprize,
And *Thirſwal* wonders at the ſudden Noiſe.
Bright in his Mail, the ireful Chief returns,
And, deſp'rate, on the Field the Combat burns.
The Word was *Clifford* on the South'ron Side,
A *Douglas*---- the bold Borderers reply'd.
From Plaits of poliſh'd Steel the ſtreaming Gore,
In Purple Currents drench'd the braky Shore.
Full in the Front the hardy *Thirſwal* ſtands,
His brave Example animates his Bands.

preſſion for an Impropriety. If they queſtion it, they may (amongſt others) conſult Dr. *Sewel's* Tranſlation of that Paſſage in *Ovid, Traherent cum ſera crepuſcula noctem.* The Dr. is reckon'd Claſſic.

He sees bold *Douglas* thunder thro' the Fight,
And forward rushes to oppose his Might,
Against the Chief advanc'd his shining Spear;
The daring *Douglas* meets th' extended War;
Evites the Stroke, the Truncheon hews in Twain,
Glitters the steely Fragment on the Plain.
A flaunting Blow next aim'd; the trenching Blade
Fast by the Collar lopt the Warrior's Head.
By this, the Ten, that drove the Herd, appear,
And with fresh Vigour charge the South'ron Rear.
Thus, prest on ev'ry Side, the hostile Train
In mangled Heaps ly scatter'd o'er the Plain;
A few by Flight the neighb'ring Fortress gain,
To the pursuing War the Gates oppose,
And Bolts shut out the Fury of the Foes.

Douglas

[*The trenching Blade.*] Trenching, an old Word for Cutting. Hence *Retrench*, to take off, impair, or diminish.

Douglas returns, and ſudden bends his Way
To *Carrick's* Coaſt, where ſtill the Monarch lay;
Since the late wond'rous Act the Loyal Bands
Increaſing daily from the neighb'ring Lands.
Then all at once decamp the Royal War,
And to *Glentrol's* thick woody Shades repair.

AND now from *Carlile* on the South'ron Coaſt,
Pembroke, and *Vanes*, and *Clifford* lead their Hoſt.
Swift to *Glentrol* the Squadrons ſhape their Way,
And Fifteen hundred Shields reflect the Day.

LONG had the *Bruce's* Stars, malignant, ſhed
Their direful Influence o'er his Royal Head.
Long had he thro' a Maze of Dangers run,
His Toils, ſucceſſive, circling with the Sun;
Thro' Woods, and Mountains, and deſerted Shores,
Purſu'd by Faction, and by foreign Pow'rs;
Expos'd to Want, to Fears, and hoſtile Snares,
And all the Miſeries of lawleſs Wars.

But

But now the Suff'rer feels the Stars relent,
Their Force exhauſted, and their Poiſon ſpent.
Each Orb, benign, now ſhoots a milder Ray,
And dawning Glory riſes on the Day.
The Heav'ns at laſt diſcloſe th' immortal Scenes,
Conqueſts, and Laurels, and triumphant Plains!
Bounteous the Monarch's patient Toils reward,
And Victory ſits brooding on his Sword.
Nor more he needs to weigh the dire Debate,
Doom'd to the Palm, and Conqueror by Fate.
The Pow'rs, by Patience won, at laſt have ſhed
A Blaze of future Glories round his Head.

Approach'd the South'ron Troops, and quickly found
The *Scots* diſpos'd along the higher Ground.
Juſt where a woody Mountain's rugged Brow,
Threat'ning, o'erhung a ſteepy Vale below.

The

[*Nor more he needs to weigh*, &c.] I hope this Paſſage won't be excepted againſt, upon Account of the King's future Circumſpection; becauſe his Ignorance of ſuch a Determination, made him ſtill to go on to act with his uſual Caution.

The Spies advanc'd to view the Royal Force,
And found that Steep impaſſable to Horſe.
Soon they return, and to the Leaders ſhow
The Ground, and ſtrait Encampment of the Foe.
Then *Pembroke* ---- 'Uſeleſs here our Cavalry,
'And if we ſtrive on Foot to force our Way;
'The *Scots* advantag'd by the craggy Height,
'Shou'd mock our Labour, and defeat our Might.
'Long hath the *Bruce* in martial Arts been skill'd,
'And long yon Legions harden'd to the Field.
'Then let us, cautious, ſhun the plain Debate,
'Act by Surprize, and conquer by Deceit.
'Poorly array'd, a Woman firſt ſhall go,
'And, unſuſpected, ſhall decoy the Foe;
'Slyly expoſe the Weakneſs of our Train,
'And draw the *Scots*, incautious, to the Plain.
'Meantime our Troops, unſeen, from yonder Wood,
'Shall ſecretly ſurround the hoſtile Crowd.'

THE

The Chiefs approve. The Woman takes her Way,
A Staff supports her up the rugged Bay.
Straight to the King the Beggar-Traitress came,
And ask'd an Alms in good St. *Andrew*'s Name;
So might that *Saint* still shield him from all Harms,
And grant due Success to his righteous Arms.
Not far encamp'd, she told, on level Ground
Sir *Aymer* lay, below the craggy Mound.
But his raw Troops undisciplin'd appear,
Green to the Field, and Novices in War.
Wou'd he descend, soon might he rout the Foe,
Look them to Flight, and gain without a Blow.
Full on her Face the Monarch fix'd his Eye,
And gaz'd, suspicious, on the Beggar-Spy.

His

[*So might that Saint*, &c.] I design'd to have put this short Address in the Wife's own Language, as I have begun it in those two Lines; but am so afraid of the Cavils of little Wits, and the Effects they may have on ordinary Readers to my Prejudice, that all I dare do, is to show I thought it most natural it shou'd have been so.

His Yeomen calls, ---- Out ſprings a nimble Band,
And ſudden ſeize the Mendicant in Hand.
Afraid of Death, the trembling Traitreſs kneels,
Her Crime confeſſes, and the Truth reveals :
Informs the King the South'ron were at hand,
And *Pembroke*, *Vanes*, and *Clifford* led the Band.

THE Monarch heard, and ſoon the War array'd,
And his broad Banner in the Field diſplay'd.
Wedg'd in cloſe Ranks the firm Battalions ſtood,
And now the Foe advances from the Wood.
A Bow already bent the Monarch drew,
Whiz'd the ſwift Arrow from the twanging Eugh.
Quite thro' the foremoſt's Gullet glanc'd the Flane,
The wounded Warrior, falling, bites the Plain.
Fierce on the Ranks the hardy *Edward* goes,
And *Hay* and *Douglas* pour upon their Foes.
With their bold Chiefs advanc'd th' inferior War,
And to the Ground the South'ron Vanguard bore.

Succeeding Lines diſheartned with the Sight,
Back thro' the Wood precipitate their Flight.
The haughty Chiefs, aſham'd at the Defeat,
Induſtrious haſte to ſtop the foul Retreat:
Now threaten, now exhort the coward Train,
But ſtill they threaten and exhort in vain.
The hardy *Scots* th' aſtoniſh'd Foe purſu'd,
And Heaps of Death lay ſcatter'd thro' the Wood.
The South'ron Rear beheld the routed Van,
And down the Rocks in wild Diſorder ran.
The Gen'rals fled, confounded and aſham'd,
And every Chief his fellow Leader blam'd.
'Twixt *Vanes* and *Clifford* high the Quarrel roſe,
And Words began to terminate in Blows.
Divided Bands eſpouſe their Chief's Debate,
And South'ron Lances South'ron Lances threat.
But *Pembroke*'s interpoſing Pow'r prevails,
And quick the dang'rous civil Diff'rence quells.

Thus

Thus *Bruce* with twice Two hundred in his Train,
Drove Fifteen hundred South'ron from the Plain;
Nor longer now his royal Pow'r conceals,
In Woods, and invious Hills, and barren Vales;
No more can brook the tedious ſlow Debate,
Nor the dull Tenor of his lazy Fate:
But feels his Boſom with new Ardors glow,
To riſque his future Fortunes at a Blow.
The Chiefs he calls, and all the loyal Bands,
Mounts at their Head, and to the Plain deſcends.
Thro' ev'ry honeſt Breaſt what Raptures ran,
Soon as the Monarch glitter'd in the Van?
With Tears of Joy the loyal Troops beheld
Their Prince undaunted take the open Field;
In Caves, and woody Coverts lurk no more,
On bleaky Mountains, and a barren Shore;
But to the Plains deſcend in bold Array,
The gilded Lions waving in the Day.

A thouſand warlike *Scots* of ancient Race,
In ſteely Ranks around the Banner blaze;
Thro' *Kyle*, and *Cunninghame* direct their Way:
The loyal Regions own their Sov'reign's Sway.
To *Bothwel* where great *Pembroke* ruled his Hoſt,
Soon ſpreads the News of *Kyle*'s revolted Coaſt.
Incens'd, that Chief his Rendezvous ordains,
In Arms a Thouſand glitter on the Plains.
To *Coila*'s Shore advance th' embattled Lines,
And at their Head the hardy *Moubray* ſhines.
But *Douglas*' Spies Abroad had timely view'd
The ſwift Approaches of the hoſtile Crowd;
Then, ſudden, to the royal Camp repair,
And to their Chief narrate the coming War.
'Twas Night, when *Douglas* call'd his proper Band,
And Sixty Spears gleam'd o'er the dusky Strand.
To *Elderfoord* he ſhapes his private Way,
Where a ſtrait Paſs 'twixt two Moraſſes lay.

Thither

Thither he ſaw the Foe muſt bend their Courſe,
And knew that Paſs impervious to Horſe;
A narrow, broken Track of rugged Ground!
With Fenns, and Briers, and Brambles hedg'd around.
There all the Night the *Scots* in Ambuſh lay.
And ſoon as *Phœbus* roſe to gild the Day,
In Order rang'd, approach'd the South'ron War,
Their gilded Enſigns glitt'ring in the Air.
The *Scots* ſtill lurk'd unſeen, till all the Pow'r,
Their Steeds diſmounting, throng'd the narrow Shore.
Then all at once the hardy Ambuſh roſe,
And, ſhouting, fierce aſſail'd the incumber'd Foes;
With ſteely Lances gor'd th' aſtoniſh'd Van,
And Men and Courſers tumbled in the Fen.
So ſtrait the Paſs, ſo deep thoſe Fens below,
So fierce th' Aſſault, and ſo amaz'd the Foe!
That *Moubray* ev'n with Tears beheld his Band
Without Reſentment butcher'd on the Strand.

The

The muddy Ooze ſtood ſtagnated with Gore,
And mangled Steeds and Warriors choak'd the Shore.
The dire Diſaſter of the ſlaughter'd Van,
Back to the Rear in doubled Terrors ran.
Where Hopes or Fears direct their doubtful Way,
Diverſe they fled, aſtoniſh'd at the Day.
The Chief deſerted views the routed War,
The murder'd Vanguard, and the flying Rear.
Griev'd, and inflam'd at the diſaſt'rous Sight,
Unreins his Steed, and ruſhes thro' the Fight.
Charg'd in his Hand a Lance he bore on high,
A ſteely Fauchion glitter'd at his Thigh.
Onward he drove, and as he ſcour'd the Strand
A *Scottiſh* Warrior ſeiz'd his ſhining Brand;
Graſp'd the ſtrong Belt, and ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain
To ſtop the gallant *Moubray* on the Plain.
Furious he ruſh'd, and in the Warrior's Hand
The burſting Belt he left, and ſhining Brand.

Thus

Thus having 'ſcap'd the Danger of the Day,
First to *Kilmarnock* he directs his Way;
Thence thro' *Kilwinning* and the *Largs* he goes,
Till *Inverkipt*, at laſt, affords a late Repoſe.
A South'ron Gariſon that Fortreſs held,
To theſe the Chief narrates the hapleſs Field;
His Troops all helpleſs butcher'd in his Sight,
By *Scottiſh* Treachery and *Douglas'* Might.

In *Bothwel* ſtill the Warden held his Seat.
Vex'd at the News of *Moubray*'s foul Defeat,
Rage in his Breaſt and Grief, alternate, roll,
And ſudden Thirſt of Vengeance fires his Soul:
Soon to the *Bruce* a truſty Herauld ſends.
The Herauld, careful, bears his Lord's Commands.
The Purport thus---- Againſt a certain Date
If *Bruce* wou'd venture on the ſtern Debate;
His ſly Attempts, and Stratagems refrain,
And nobly dare to riſque the gen'rous Plain;

Then

Then ſhou'd the HERO fix his future Fame,
Alive renown'd, or dead a glorious Name.
Arriv'd the Herauld, and his Charge reveal'd,
The dauntleſs King accepts the proffer'd Field.
'Twixt *Gaſton* Heath, where lay the Royal Pow'r,
And *Lowdown* Hill, upon the moſſy Shore;
There was the Ground determin'd; and the Day
Fix'd to the firſt approaching Tenth of *May*.
Returns the Meſſenger with ſpeedy Care,
And to the Chief narrates th' accepted War;
The Time prefix'd, and the determin'd Ground:
And now to Arms the South'ron Trumpets ſound.
To *Bothwel*, where the Rendezvous was made,
Conveen the Legions for the War array'd.
Three Thouſand whole, adorn'd in martial Pride,
Bred to the Field, and oft in Battle try'd.
The Chief confided in theſe daring Bands,
Secure of Conqueſt from ſuch valiant Hands.

MEAN-

MEANTIME the King, by Prudence ever rul'd,
Cautious in Warmth, and rationally bold;
Whose Courage no fermented Spirits fir'd,
No rising Tumult of the Blood inspir'd;
Where sudden Gusts of Passion, furious, roll,
And Rage, ungovern'd, supersedes the Soul!
But led by Schemes from due Reflection brought,
By solid Plans, and Consequence of Thought;
Each Circumstance with Circumstance still weighs,
And all the Series of the Action sees;
Then Dauntless in the Field his Force unreins,
Combats from Reason, and by Reason gains.

THUS, on the Ninth, while Shades involv'd the Night,
Secret he went, and view'd the Field of Fight.
He found the beachy Plain lay stretch'd too wide,
But hemm'd with Marishes on either Side.
Fear'd lest the Foe shou'd, on that Length of Ground,
Outwing his Numbers, and his Troops surround.

Three Ramparts therefore from each bord'ring Fen,
Of Hurdles rear'd, he drew a-croſs the Plain.
Nor did theſe Ramparts at the Centre cloſe,
But op'ning Breaches ſo receiv'd the Foes,
As equal Force might equal Force oppoſe.
This done, back to his Hoſt he bends his Way,
Prepares the War, and waits th' approaching Day.

AROSE the Day, and *Phœbus* from the Deep
His blazing Carr drives up the Orient Steep.
From *Bothwel*'s Plain approach the South'ron Lines,
And Pompous in the Van proud *Pembroke* ſhines.
The Van, on barbed Steeds, that Chief around,
Rode ſheath'd in Mail, with claſping Silver bound.
Next theſe, with Lances arm'd, and boſſy Shields,
Advanc'd the ſecond Battle o'er the Fields.
Their gilded Banners high in Air diſplay'd,
And *Ompbraville* and *Clifford* at their Head.

690 The

The noble *Bruce* perceiv'd them from afar,
And at the ſecond Rampart rang'd his War.
Seven hundred *Scots* in native Armour ſhone,
And Spears and Axes glitter'd in the Sun.
The gen'rous King full in the Centre ſtood,
And on his Right the fiery *Edward* rode.
The Left, to Battle rang'd in firm Array,
Were led by doughty *Douglas* to the Day.
Three hundred Waggoners, ignoble Crowd,
Upon the Hill, retir'd, at Diſtance ſtood.
Approach'd the Foe. The Monarch gives the Sign,
And ruſhing Pow'rs in furious Combat joyn.
From either Hoſt promiſcuous Shouts ariſe,
Ring thro' the Hills, and thicken up the Skies.
With Spears protended, and oppoſing Shields,
Together, dreadful, ruſh the adverſe Fields.
Reſounds the Craſh of Lances thro' the Air,
And Roars, transfix'd with Wounds, the dying War.

The Lances broke, unſheath'd by eager Hands,
Thro' all the Ranks thick Flame the glitt'ring Brands.
The noble *Pembroke* animates his Train,
Inſpires the Combat, and ſupports the Plain.
You have I choſe, he ſaid, to guard my Fame.
On you alone depends your *Pembroke*'s Name.
Meantime the *Bruce* in ev'ry Rank appears,
Aids ev'ry Scene, and ev'ry Danger ſhares.
Each ſingle Warrior by his Name he calls,
Commends his Worth, and ev'ry Blow extols.
Thro' all the Field he ſheds a Father's Care.
Each Soldier's Boſom warms, and cheers the War.
'Tis yours, my Friends, he ſaid, this Day to ſhow
If I muſt rule ye, or yon foreign Foe.
Lodg'd in your Hands is all your *Bruce*'s Fate,
By you he's wretched, or by you he's great.
In you your Country's lateſt Hope remains,
Her ancient Freedom, or her future Chains.

He ſpoke, and burſting on the hoſtile Bands,
Unqueſtion'd Death in ev'ry Blow deſcends.
Ev'n *Edward* wonders at his Brother's Might,
And onward ruſhes to ſupport the Fight.
Clifford and *Omphraville* exert their Pow'r,
Thick burns the Combat round th' enſanguin'd Shore.
Here daring *Douglas* and the gallant *Hay*,
There ſubtile *Boyd* reſiſtleſs urge their Way.
The Crimſon Torrents roll along the Strand,
And Heaps of Warriors, dying, ſpurn the Sand.
The King the Vanguard broke, and all around
Widens the ſpreading Ruin o'er the Ground.
Next *Edward* ravages the bloody Coaſt,
And breaks, and drives, and ſcatters *Clifford*'s Hoſt.
The South'ron Rear beholds the Van defeat,
And ſpite of Threats and Promiſes retreat.
In vain great *Pembroke*, long in Battle skill'd,
Us'd all his Conduct to ſuſtain the Field.

Vain were his Flatt'ries, his Reproaches vain,
The *Grampian* Legions thunder thro' the Plain.
As when ſome Storm, long hung in bellying Clouds,
Burſts from their hollow Womb and ſweeps the Woods,
The roaring Tempeſt in its Rage deſcends,
This Way and that the cracking Foreſt bends;
Nor able to oppoſe its dreadful Courſe,
Yields to the Blaſt, and falls beneath its Force:
So yield, o'erpower'd at length, the hoſtile Lines,
And all the wav'ring Field at once inclines.
The *Scots* to Ground a Thouſand Warriors bore,
Bold Troops! the Pride of all the South'ron Pow'r.
The reſt amaz'd, and daunted at the Sight,
From the dire Field precipitate their Flight.
Homeward great *Pembroke*, from the *Scottiſh* Coaſt,
Retires, indignant, and reſigns his Truſt.
The Chiftains fled along, and all the Band,
Diſpers'd, at once deſert the hoſtile Land.

The

The Provinces to *Bruce* their Homage pay,
And all the Weſt, obedient, owns his Sway.

THE Weſt reduc'd, with Banners broad diſplay'd,
The Monarch to the North his Squadrons led.
His hardy Brother, and the gallant *Hay*,
Lennox and *Boyd* attend him on his Way.
Meantime bold *Douglas* with his truſty Friends,
Private, to *Douglasdale* his Paſſage bends;
Reduc'd his Fortreſs, and his native Lands,
And *Etrick* whole reſcu'd from South'ron Hands.
Randolf, and *Stuart*, who had ſince *Methwin*'s Plain,
Renounc'd their Faith, and ſerv'd the hoſtile Train;
Both Pris'ners of War the *Douglas* made,
And, after, to the King the Kindred-Captives led.
Meantime the King ſtill northward march'd his Hoſt,
But on the Mountains ſicken'd as he paſt.
Of this inform'd, *Buchania*'s Rebel-Thane
Near *Inverury* rendezvouz'd his Train.

Fix'd

Fix'd to Revenge, his treach'rous Uncle dead,
Full Fifteen hundred to the Field he led,
Brechin, *Himſelf*, and *Moubray* at their Head.
Of their Approach the Monarch quickly hears,
And, unrecover'd, for the Fight prepares.
Straight he commands a Troop to guard him round,
And bear him in a Litter to the Ground.
His Brother orders in the Van to ride,
And *Hay*, and *Boyd*, and *Lennox* by his Side.
Theſe, ſecret, bids direct him in the Fray,
Check his fierce Heat, and guide him thro' the Day.
Pleas'd with his Orders *Edward* quickly ſhines
Before the Van, and onward leads the Lines.
In Arms Seven hundred haſten to the Plain,
The bold Array ſoon ſhook the Coward Thane;
Nor daring to endure the Warlike Sight,
The Rebel Squadrons meditate their Flight.

The

The King that Inſtant felt his Illneſs gone,
And, mounting, ſudden in the Centre ſhone.
His Friends, aſtoniſh'd, rend with Shouts the Air,
Inglorious fled at once the Rebel War.
Cummin and *Moubray* haſte, to ſhun their Death,
To South'ron Shores, but there reſign their Breath.
Brechin to his own Caſtle bends his Flight,
And there beſieg'd, ſoon owns the *Bruce*'s Right.
The Monarch rode thro' all the Northern Land,
The *North* at once acknowledg'd his Command.
To *Angus* thence returning, reſts a While,
Then *Forfar*'s Fortreſs levels with the Soil.
To *Tay* advancing next, the Royal Pow'rs
With hardy Force aſſaulted *Bertha*'s Tow'rs.
Their Ladders rear'd, the Monarch foremoſt ſcales,
And all the Legions ſudden mount the Walls.

[*Cummin* and *Moubray*, &c.] This was one Sir *John Moulray*, not that Perſon we mention'd before, and who held *Stirling* Caſtle, as we ſhall hear by and by, whoſe Name was Sir *Philip Moubray*, a Man far Superior to the other.

The Tow'rs demoliſh, and the Works around,
The ſcatter'd Ruins ſmoke along the Ground.
These all reduc'd, ſtraight with a ſelect Band,
Edward advanc'd to *Gall'way*'s rugged Strand;
St. *John*, and *Omphraville* in Arms well skill'd,
Twice there defeat, and drove them from the Field;
Victorious over all the Region paſt,
And to his Brother's Sway reduc'd the Coaſt.
Douglas now Maſter of his native Land,
Straight to the Monarch reconducts his Band;
Makes *Stuart*, and *Randolf* in his Journey ſhare,
And to the King preſents the Rebel-Pair.
Soon *Stuart*, ſubmiſſive, own'd his forc'd Offence,
And had his Crime giv'n to his Penitence.
But *Randolf*, obſtinate, the King ordains
To ſtricter Durance, only free from Chains;
Till Friends, and his Repentance interpos'd,
Obtain'd his Pardon, and the Captive loos'd.

Brave

Brave *Randolf!* firſt amongſt the Loyal Train,
Created Lord of *Murray*'s fertile Plain.

THE Royal Hoſt, again led forth to War,
In Arms to *Lorn* (rebellious Clime) repair.
That Chief the Royal Cauſe had long diſtreſt,
O'errun, and ruin'd half the Loyal *Weſt*.
With Rage the Monarch feels his Boſom glow,
And, fraught with Vengeance, haſtens to the Foe.
Appris'd, bold *Lorn* conveens his trait'rous Pow'r,
Two thouſand Targes glitter on the Shore.
Hard by the Sea, where a rough Mountain's Brow
Slop'd by Degrees, and touch'd a Stream below.
Deputed Leaders the fierce War array,
Himſelf embarqu'd beheld them from the Sea.
For *Lorn* now dreading hardy *Bruce*'s Might,
Had man'd his Galleys to ſecure his Flight.
By Spies aſcertain'd of the Rebels Poſt,
The wary Monarch ſoon divides his Hoſt.

Douglas he orders with the Archer-Lines,
(And *Gray* and *Fraſer* to that Leader joyns)
Unſeen by any Foe, their Rout to keep,
And fetch a Compaſs round the rugged Steep;
Soon as they heard himſelf begin th' Attack,
Then, unawares, to charge the Rebels Back.
Douglas obeys. The Monarch takes his Way,
And, foremoſt, boldly mounts the craggy Bay.
Advance the Foe, and from the Mountain pour
Vaſt Heaps of tumbling Stones, a rocky Show'r.
In vain. The King ſtill preſſes to the War:
By that ſtern *Douglas* thunders on the Rear.
The Vanguard in cloſe Fight the Monarch joyn'd,
And the fierce Archers gall'd them from behind.
Th' environ'd Rebels deſp'rate in the Fight,
Exert the utmoſt Rage of ſavage Might.
Vain Rage! behind in feather'd Tempeſts flew
The whizzing Flanes, and wide Deſtruction drew.

The hardy King the Ruin ſpreads before,
In Heaps the Dead and Dying crowd the Shore.
A few eſcap'd, but met the Fate they ſhun'd,
Amidſt th' adjoyning Streams deep Eddies drown'd.
M'Dougal's ſelf ſwift launching to the Main,
Plows to ſome diſtant Coaſt the wat'ry Reign.
Submits *Argyle* at laſt to *Bruce*'s Sway,
And all the Tribes their due Obedience pay.

Now from the Heights deſcend the Loyal Pow'rs,
And ſpread their Conqueſts o'er the Champaign Shores.
Linlithgow Peil by *Binny*'s Means they gain,
And the ſtrong Bulwark level with the Plain.
To *Perth* the Monarch march'd, and *Randolf* rais'd
To Favour now, and high with Titles grac'd;
To the *Wing'd Camp* advanc'd by *Fortha*'s Coaſt.
And near the Maiden-Fortreſs lodg'd his Hoſt.

The

[*The Maiden Fortreſs.*] The Caſtle of *Edinburgh*, a Paſſage was diſcover'd to it up the Rock by one *William Frances.*

[*To the* Wing'd Camp.] The *Caſtra Alata*, or *Wing'd Camp*, an old Appellation of the City of *Edinburgh.*

The Maiden-Fortreſs ſtill the South'ron keep,
And *Randolf* boldly ſtorms the rocky Steep.
In vain. Impregnable the Caſtle ſtands,
And mocks the Labours of the Loyal Bands.
Frances at laſt a ſecret Paſſage found,
And led the Chiftain up the craggy Mound.
Firſt *Frances* mounts by Night, the Legions ſcale,
And drive the Watches headlong o'er the Wall.
Aroſe the Guards, and quick commence the War,
The hardy *Scots* their ſudden Weapons bare;
Fierce on the Foe the hardy *Randolf* flew,
And at a Stroke the South'ron Captain ſlew.
The doughty Legions ſeconded their Head,
And all the Guards along the Works lay dead.
Bold *Randolf* thus *Edina*'s Fort poſſeſt,
And long fatigu'd, indulg'd his grateful Reſt.
Meantime the *Douglas* on the Border Dales,
Roxburgh's ſtrong Tow'rs by Craft nocturnal Scales.

Unſeen

Unſeen the Warriors climb the ſteepy Mound,
And all the Fortreſs ſcatter o'er the Ground.
All *Teviotdale* by Force the Chief o'erruns,
The Land reduc'd its rightful Sov'reign owns.
By this fierce *Edward* on th' *Alectian* Shore,
Had quickly rendezvouz'd his ſelect War.
Into the Town his hardy Legions pours,
And ſoon in Ruins lays the ancient Tow'rs.
Without Delay from thence to *Stirling*'s Coaſt,
Boldly advances the victorious Hoſt.
Around the Walls diſpos'd, the hardy Train,
Aſſault with Fury, but aſſault in vain.
That Seat the gallant *Moubray* boldly held,
Wiſe at the Board, and daring in the Field.
Edward impatient of the tedious Hours,
And *Moubray* dreading his decaying Stores;

Both

[*That Seat the gallant* Moubray, *&c.*] This was the brave Sir *Philip Moubray*, at this Time in the *Engliſh* Intereſt, but after the Battle of *Bannockburn*, he became Loyal to King *Robert*.

Both to a mutual Interview advance,
And artful *Moubray* thus propounds his Senſe.
'My Lord, you've prov'd and found the Fortreſs ſtrong,
'The Siege expenſive, and the Labour long.
'Cou'd you accept a Truce for certain Days,
'Throughout which Time Hoſtilities may ceaſe;
'Then I, aſſiſted by the South'ron Might,
'Shall fairly meet your Troops in equal Fight.
'But if I'm ſtill unſuccour'd by theſe Pow'rs,
'Then at the Day the Fortreſs ſhall be yours.'
Edward unſeen in politic Deſigns,
Accepts the Terms, and the ſly Treaty ſigns,
And from the leaguer'd Walls draws off the *Scottiſh* Lines.
To fair *Auguſta Moubray* ſpeeds his Way,
The haughty Seat of great *Caernarvan*'s Sway.

There

[*Great* Caernarvan's, *&c.*] *Edward* II. of *England*, was always call'd *Edward* of *Caernarvan*, a Place in *Wales*, where he was born.

There the bold Chief, before the South'ron States,
Propones the Treaty, and the Terms relates.
The King and Peers applaud the Leader's Senſe,
Commend the Truce, and jeſt the *Scottiſh* Prince.

MEANTIME to *Perth*, where his wife Brother lay,
Good undeſigning *Edward* ſhapes his Way:
Joyful, relates each various Action done,
The Treaty ſign'd, and hardy *Moubray* gone.
The Monarch heard the Terms with vaſt Surprize,
And on his thoughtleſs Brother fix'd his Eyes.

THEN thus. 'Fond Man! which ſhall I firſt regret,
'A Brother's Folly, or my Country's Fate?
'Haraſs'd with Toil, with Dangers preſs'd before,
'Haſt thou not learn'd to know yon Monarch's Pow'r?
'Yon Monarch! whom no neighb'ring States withſtand,
'Sole Heir of all his Father's large Command.
'Whoſe Sway not *Britain*'s Shores alone reſtrain,
'Wide ſtretch his Conqueſts o'er the diſtant Main.

'His Tyranny, not *Cambria* feels alone,
'Or in his Bonds *Hibernian* Valleys groan.
'Great Part of *France*, and *Flanders* owns his Claim,
'And *Europe* trembles at his mighty Name.
'Drawn from thoſe Climes, what Swarms ſhall crowd our Shore?
'How vaſt th'Aſſemblage! how array'd the Pow'r!
'Their Numbers ſhall our outmoſt Thoughts beguile,
'Extend o'er Shires, and darken half the Iſle!
'The Rebel-*Scots* beſides, a potent Line,
'(In Arms already) ſhall their Standards joyn.
'Then what are we, how ſmall our native Lands?
'How weak our Force, how thin our loyal Bands?
'See our diſpeopled Plains, our barren Soil,
'To Faction long expos'd, and foreign Spoil.
'Conſider this, and view the Treaty made,
'And all our Hopes in that one Treaty dead.

'By

[Cambria] *Wales.* Hibernia, *Ireland.*
[*A potent Line.*] The whole Race of the *Cummings*, and their Allies.

'By cautious Steps we hop'd our Right to gain,
'But, raſhly, thou haſt render'd Caution vain.
'Diſarm'd, and bound by Truce ſo long a Date
'Secures the Tyrant, and completes our Fate.
'Long have we vainly ſpent our tedious Hours,
'Midſt hoary Mountains, and deſerted Shores.
'Midſt Cold, and Heat, and Hunger's pinching Pain,
'Long have we toil'd, but long have toil'd in vain.
'In anxious Thoughts have paſt the wakeful Night,
'And, girt with Foes, conſum'd the dang'rous Light.
'By Suffring, partly we regain'd our Sway,
'And, *Fabius*-like, we conquer'd by Delay.
'In one raſh Word now all our Labour's gone,
'Our Hopes extinguiſh'd, and our ſelves undone.
'Say, Brother! Whence ſhall we our Troops prepare,
'Where is our Force to meet yon dreadful War?'
He ſpoke, diſdainful---- *Edward* fierce, replies,
'By all the Pow'rs that tread yon ſpangled Skies;

'Let Iſles united with the diſtant *Land*,
'And *Europe* pour her Millions on our Strand;
'Reſolv'd, I'll dauntleſs face the dread Array,
'And meet the glorious Terrors of the Day.
'I love the gen'rous Treaty, and in vain
'Shou'd Crowns and Sceptres bribe me from the Plain.
'*Scotland* may ſee me fall, but never yield,
'Or fly, a Coward, from ſo brave a Field!'

THE Monarch ſmil'd. His dauntleſs Soul he knew,
And what he dar'd to ſay, he dar'd to do.
The noble Warrior in his Arms he preſt,
And all the Brother kindled in his Breaſt.
Then thus. 'So may juſt Heav'n our Counſels aid,
'As I ſhall ſacred keep what thou haſt ſaid.
'Haſte then, bid all our Loyal Friends prepare
'To joyn our Standard 'gainſt the Day of War.
'The Day! when each Pretenſion ſhall be try'd,
'And Heav'n determine on the juſter Side.'

MEAN-

MEANWHILE *Caernarvan* mounts his Royal Seat,
The Peers around in ſplendid Order wait.
Thence to the Chiefs he iſſues his Commands,
To raiſe his Pow'rs, and muſter all his Bands.
Near *Berwick*'s Walls; on *Tweda*'s fertile Plains,
The Royal Writ the Rendezvous ordains.
The Warlike Chiefs in ſudden Armour ſhone,
And round diſpatch'd the Mandate of the Throne.
Straight ring the South'ron Shores with loud Alarms,
And Drums and Trumpets, mingled, ſound to Arms.
Sing, Muſe, from various Climes th' aſſembled Throng,
And fit their Names, and Numbers to the Song.
Where *Wye*'s ſmooth Stream, and *Severn*'s fiercer Tide
Thro' *Cambrian* Dales in wild *Meander*'s glide;
Where *Britiſh* Billows pent, indignant, roar,
And, furious, laſh old *Cornwal*'s chalky Shore;
Roſe Thirty thouſand, in ſtrange Arms array'd,
And hardy *Monmouth* glitter'd at their Head.

WHERE *Tame* and *Iſis* roll their royal Waves,
And the mixt Current Princely Structures laves;
Where flows the *Ouze*, and *Trent* divides the Land,
(Both loſt in *Humber*'s more capacious Strand)
Aroſe the mighty *Trinobantian* Hoſt,
And Fifty thouſand cloud the darken'd Coaſt.
The moving Bands the neighb'ring Vales o'erſpread,
By *Arundel*, and gallant *Oxford* led.

FROM *Humber*'s Stream, whoſe tumbling Waves reſound,
And deafen all th' adjoyning Coaſt around;
To where the *Tweed* in ſofter Windings flows,
Full Fifty thouſand quiver'd Warriors roſe.

A har-

[Where *Tame* and *Iſis*, &c.] The River *Thames*, upon which *London* is ſituated, the greateſt in *England*. It has its Name from *Thame*, which riſes in *Buckingham* Shire; and *Iſis*, which riſes in the Borders of *Gloceſter*, near the Confines of *Wiltſhire*. They have their Confluence at *Dorceſter*, and from thence running in one united Stream, fall into the *German* Ocean, 30 Miles below *London*.

[*Trent divides*, &c.] The River *Trent* is reckon'd to divide *England* into two equal Parts, *North* and *South*. It riſes in *Staffordſ* Shire, paſſeth through *Derby* Shire, *Leiceſter* Shire, *&c.* and below *Burtown* in *Lincoln* Shire, falleth into the *Humber*.

[*Trinobantian Hoſt.*] *Trinobantes* were the People of *Eſſex*, *Middleſex*, and all about *London*.

A hardy Race, who (well experienc'd) knew
To fit the Shaft, and twang the bended Eugh.
Bred up to Danger, and inur'd to dare
In diſtant Fight, and aim the feather'd War.
Theſe Bands their Country's higheſt Triumphs boaſt:
And *Gloceſter*, and *Hartford* led the Hoſt.

ADVANCE the factious *Scots*, a Rebel-Line,
And to the Foe their impious Levies joyn.
Five times Five thouſand, by Experience skill'd
To mix in cloſer Combat on the Field;
Led by great *Omphraville*, well known to Fame;
And bold *Corſpatrick*, a redoubted Name.

NEXT to the *Scots* approach th' *Hibernian* Pow'rs,
From hoary Mountains, and from fenny Shores;
Three times Ten thouſand ſtrong, a nervous Race,
Bred to wild Game, and nimble in the Chaſe.
Before theſe Troops, *Fitz-Gerald*'s haughty Son,
The brave *Oneil*, and hardy *Deſmont* ſhone.

FROM

From *Gallia* now, and *Belgium*'s distant Coast,
In Arms assembled, moves the foreign Host.
Twice Twenty thousand whole, a Warlike Train,
In sixty Galleys plow the liquid Reign.
Nor does the Muse the Leaders Names rehearse,
Nor stand those Names so smooth in *British* Verse.
Albion's white Cliffs soon gain the foreign Sails,
And pour their Legions on *Northumbrian* Vales.

Now with the King from fair *Augusta*'s Tow'rs,
Proceeds the Court to *Berwick*'s crowded Shores.
The awful King! in Gold and Gems array'd,
The vast the wondrous Rendezvous survey'd;
His thick Battalions views extended far,
And glories in the lengthen'd Pomp of War.
The various Climes in various Armour shine,
And distant Nations wonder as they joyn.

Review'd,

[Augusta.] The Name the modern *English* give to *London*.

Review'd, wide o'er the Fields encamp the Pow'rs,
Repairs the ſhining Court to *Berwick*'s Tow'rs.

NEAR *Stirling*'s Walls where *Forth*'s large Billows play,
The noble *Bruce* with twice two Hundred lay;
From whence around his Royal Writ he ſends,
To warn the Chiefs, and ſummon all his Friends.
Meantime he view'd the Ground, and mark'd a Plain,
Th' intended Muſter of the Loyal Train.
Before that Plain, a League extended, lay
A Green-ſward Mariſh, on a ſlaunting Bay.
The King, well ſeen in all Events of War,
The muddy Fen ſurveys with cautious Care.
His Troops he calls, and digs, a Spear-length deep,
The level Mariſh, from the ſloping Steep:
Then Plants with ſharpen'd Piles the Track around,
And cloſe with Hurdles cov'ring o'er the Ground;
Untouch'd the Plain appear'd, and all the hollow ſound.
Behind thoſe Fens the King reſolv'd to ſtand,
And there the haughty Foes firſt Charge attend.

The *Scottiſh* Peaſants from the Champaign Shore,
Up to the Mountains led their Houſhold Store;
The Plains of Herds and Victual diſpoſſeſt,
And left the Country one abandon'd Waſte.

Now rings th' Alarm along the Northern Coaſts,
And ruſh to War the *Caledonian* Hoſts.
From *Skye*, *Pomona*'s Iſles, and *Caithneſs*' Strand,
Three thouſand Targets glitter o'er the Land.
The *Skye*, and *Orkneys* their own Chiſtains Head,
And *Caithneſs*' Troops the gallant *Sinclair* led.
Strathnaver, *Sutherland* in Arms appear,
And the bold *Roſſians* iſſue to the War.
The brave *M'donalds* and *M'kenzies* joyn,
Fraſers, and *Grants*, and the *Clanchattan* Line.
That ſtretch, diſpers'd, along th' *Hebridian* Shores.
Monroes, *M'Cleans*, *M'kays*, and all the Pow'rs,

Theſe

[Hebridian *Shores.*] The *Hebrides* are a vaſt Cluſter of Iſlands, lying on the North-weſt and Weſt of *Scotland*, ſcatter'd up and down the *Deucaledonian* Sea.

These hardy Troops in *Scythian* Arms array'd,
Distinct in Tribes, their proper Chiefs obey'd.
Convеen the Bands on *Rossia*'s spacious Bay,
And twice Three thousand Bucklers gild the Day.
From *Murray*'s Shores advance a Thousand Spears,
And daring *Randolf* at their Head appears.

EAST on *Tæzalia*'s Coast, there lies a Plain,
Blest with rich Pasture, and luxuriant Grain;
Much fam'd for Cattle, much for Woolly Store,
But for its hospitable People, more.
On its smooth Margin *German* Billows play,
And pour their finny Millions in each Bay.
This Region 'spite of the false *Thane*'s Commands,
Rais'd and maintain'd at its own Charges, sends
A Thousand Warriors to the Royal Aid,
By bold *Philorth*, and brave *Pitsligo* led.

[*Tæzalia.*] The Countries of *Mar*, *Buchan*, and all about *Aberdeen*; *Buchan* is only meant here.
[*The false* Thane, &c.] *Cuming* Earl of *Buchan*.

And now in Arms the noble *Gordon* ſhines,
And *Enzie*'s Squadrons to *Strathbogy* joyns.
Abria's keen Axes in the Centre glare,
And *Badenoch* gleams, horrid, in the Rear.

Next, hardy *Forbes*, and the gallant *Mar*,
On *Don*'s fair Borders rendezvous the War.
Forbes! in *Scotia*'s Annals long renown'd,
And oft of old with Loyal Laurels crown'd.

Horestia's Plains a Thouſand Warriors yield,
And Godlike *Marſhal* leads them to the Field.
Thrice noble Chief! I feel my Spirits roll,
And all the Hero ruſhes to my Soul.
Where ſhall the Muſe commence thy deathleſs Fame?
From what immortal Æra trace thy Name?
She ſaw thy Sire of old, on *Barry*'s Shore,
When rapid *Lochty* groan'd with *Cimbrian* Gore.

She

[Abria.] The Country of *Lochaber*.
[Horeſtia.] The Shire of *Mearns*.

She saw him 'midst surrounding Ruins stand,
When hardy *Camus* bit the bloody Strand.
When from the Field he bore the regal Spoils,
Proud Prize! the Badge of his triumphant Toils.
Oft wou'd the Muse have sung the Godlike Line,
But the bold Task still check'd the just Design.
Fond She set out, but felt the Theme too strong
Too high the Labour, and too vast the Song!
Nor needful---- For, what Genius ever sings
Of *Scotia*'s HEROES, and her ancient Kings;
Let their fam'd Deeds but once the Muse engage,
And still some KEITH shall glitter in the Page.

NEXT, where the *Esk* a double Current pours,
And laves *Æneia*'s ever Loyal Shores;
Two thousand Lances gleam along the Strand,
Strathmore, *Southesk*, and *Airly* led the Band.
Airly, renown'd for ancient Honours gain'd,
When *Gilchrist* conquer'd, and a *William* reign'd.

Kinnaird,

Kinnaird and *Falconar* their Legions call,
The brave *Dundee*, and ever faithful *Maule*.

ADJOYNING near, a fruitful Region lies,
The darling Care of more indulgent Skies;
Whoſe Sunny Mountains, and luxuriant Vales,
Are fann'd by friendly *Zephyr*'s ſofter Gales;
Where the rich Year in vaſt Profuſion reigns,
Riots in Groves, and revels on the Plains:
Thence came a Thouſand in bright Mail array'd,
Glitter'd the mighty *Arrol* at their Head.
Full of his Sires, the HERO took the Field,
Diſplay'd, the *Yoke* glar'd in his bloody Shield.
Proud Enſign! Glory of that dire Debate,
Where dauntleſs *Hay* revers'd the *Scottiſh* Fate;

When

[*The brave* Dundee, &c.] The Reader will pleaſe obſerve here once for all, that we don't by any Means pretend, theſe Gentlemen were all nobilitated either before or at this Time. We only give them the Titles of their Poſterity, in Order to make the Narration the clearer, and their Names more obvious to the preſent Age.

[*A fruitful Region lies.*] The *Carſe* of *Gowry*.

When *Loncarty* beheld th' *Albanian* Pow'rs
Vanquiſh'd, and routed on her ſanguine Shores;
'Twas then, great *Hay* oppos'd the ſhameful Flight,
Drove back the conquer'd, and renew'd the Fight;
Thro' *Cimbrian* Ranks, impetuous, forc'd his Way,
And thund'ring with his Yoke reſtor'd the Day.
By him thus (wond'rous!) roſe the ruin'd State,
Conquer'd by Loſs, and triumph'd by Defeat!

'TWERE long in ancient Actions to engage,
And crowd with diff'rent Characters the Page;
Nor needful is the Task. Our Chiefs of old
Brave by Succeſſion, and by Birthright bold;
In all their Father's various Virtues ſhone,
And ev'ry Sire deſcended in the Son.
Bred to the Field, and conſcious of their Might,
They rang'd the Globe, and taught the World to fight.

FROM *Fife*'s fair Coaſt Three thouſand take the Plain,
Headed by *Weemyſs*, and *Crawford*'s ancient Thane.

The

The noble *Weemyſs*! *M'duff*'s immortal Son,
M'duff! th' Aſſerter of the *Scottiſh* Throne;
Whoſe Deeds let *Birnane* and *Dunſinnan* tell,
When *Cammore* battled, and the Villain fell.

By *Athol*, and by *Perth* array'd to War,
Three thouſand Lances glitter in the Air.
See! glorious in his Sires, the great *Montroſe*,
Amidſt his conqu'ring *Grahams* to Battle goes.
His Mail bright Studds of Gold enamel'd gild,
Th' immortal Trophy of ſome ancient Field.
Three times Five hundred to the War proceed,
By *Eglinton*, and *Nairn* and *Bothwel* led.
Carrick and *Kyle* pour forth their hardy Train,
And *Kennedy* conducts them to the Plain.
Renfrew, and *Bute*, and *Rothſay* joyn their Aid,
Glitters the Godlike *Stuart* at their Head.

Ad-

[*And the Villain fell.*] The Story of *M'beath*'s Uſurpation, in the Time of *Malcom Cammore*, and likeways the Prophecy concerning *Birnane-wood*'s coming to *Dunſinnan*-Caſtle, is ſo common, I need not inſiſt on it.

Advance in Arms the *Argathelian* Lines,
And in the Van the Loyal *Campbel* ſhines.
Some faithful Aids approach from *Lothian*'s Coaſt,
And *Seton*'s Loyal Off-ſpring leads the Hoſt.
From *Mercia*'s fertile Plains appear'd a Band,
Obedient to the gallant *Hume*'s Command.
Confed'rate Dales, and Warlike Borders joyn,
Proud at their Head to ſee great *Douglas* ſhine.
Fierce *Edward*, laſt, leads from his native Shores,
Rang'd to the Field, the *Gallovidian* Pow'rs.

THUS from the diſtant North, and *Solway*'s Sands,
At *Bannock*-Burn arriv'd the Loyal Bands.
The King with Joy beheld th' aſſembled Train,
Full Five and Thirty thouſand, crowd the Plain.
The Chiefs embrac'd, and view'd the Squadrons round,
Aſſign'd their Stations, and mark'd out the Ground.
The Leaders to the Royal Tent repair,
And o'er the Fields encamp th' inferior War.

Now, in ten Battles rang'd, from *Tweda*'s Vales,
The South'ron Pow'rs advance thro' *Lothian* Dales,
The wide extended Pomp the Region fills,
Glares o'er the Lawns, and gleams along the Hills.
Nations on Nations ſhade the crowded Strand,
From Shore to Shore, and cover half the Land.
Thick as the waving Grain the Valley Clouds,
Or Leaves in Spring that load the blooming Woods;
Lances and Shields emit their blended Rays,
And o'er the diſtant Plains confus'dly blaze.
Thro' *Lothian* ſwift advance the ſwarming Pow'rs,
And, ſudden, crowd *Bodotria*'s winding Shores.
Thence, quick, arriving at the various Fane,
Wide o'er the Fields encamp the num'rous Train.

Detach'd old *Stirling*'s Fortreſs to ſecure,
Before the Hoſt, Lord *Clifford* leads his Pow'r.

In

[*Various Fane.*] Falkirk.

In Arms Eight hundred with that Leader ride,
Choice Bands! the mighty *Edward*'s chiefeſt Pride.
Meantime bold *Randolf*, charg'd a Poſt to keep,
Cloſe by the Temple, on a ſloping Steep,
Thro' which, unheeded by the *Scots*, the Chief
March'd his ſwift Legions to the Town's Relief;
Foul Negligence! to expiate his Offence,
And ſoothe the juſt Diſpleaſure of his Prince;
With eager Steps purſues th' eſcaped War,
Two hundred Lances ſhining in his Rear.
Soon as the South'ron Chief the *Scots* beheld
With Force inferior boldly take the Field;
Diſdainful, in Array he rang'd his Band,
And in the Front himſelf and *Howard* ſtand.
Howard the brave! a Knight renown'd in Fame,
The Boaſt, the Glory of the South'ron Name.

[Howard *ſtand.*] Sir *William Howard*, the noble Anceſtor of the Duke of *Norfolk*.

Ambitious Chief! too eager in the Strife,
Too raſhly bold, and Prodigal of Life;
Forward thou ruſheſt upon certain Death,
And midſt unnumbred Wounds reſign'ſt thy Breath.
Thy native Troops with Tears beheld thee bleed,
And *England* yet laments her HERO dead.

MEANWHILE the Combat, furious, burns around,
And Crimſon Tides roll, ſlipp'ry, o'er the Ground.
Baulk'd in his firſt Deſign, and fir'd with Spite,
The haughty *Clifford*, vig'rous, urg'd the Fight.
His lengthen'd Ranks extended o'er the Ground,
And juſt began t' encloſe the *Scots* around.
This *Randolf* ſaw, and with a Gen'rals Care,
Diſpos'd into an Orb his thinner War.
Each Way objected, Spears and gleaming Shields,
Glitter, an iron Circle, round the Fields.
And now both Hoſts in cloſer Combat joyn,
And thick'ning Deaths in redder Ruin ſhine.

Nor knows the ardent Warrior to retire,
Fix'd where he ſtands to conquer or expire.
No blended Shouts of War's tremendous Voice,
Ring thro' the Hills, or rattle in the Skies,
The buſied Field hears no tumultuous Breath,
But claſhing Armour, and the Groan of Death.
Glorious each Chief, and grim with Duſt and Blood,
Amidſt the War with rival Fury rode.
Alongſt the Strand the wid'ning Havock ſpread,
And round them roll'd in Heaps the mangled Dead.
But *Engliſh* Bow-men, long in Battle skill'd,
With feather'd Deaths ſore gall'd the *Scottiſh* Field.
This *Douglas* viewing from the Camp afar,
Thus to the King prefers a Soldier's Pray'r.
'Sov'reign! he ſaid, may Heav'n direct the Day,
'And may to Morrow's Sun ſecure thy Sway.
'As I with Pity view yon dreadful Scene,
'And *Randolf* ſweating on th' unequal Plain.

'Oppreſt

'Oppreſt with Numbers, and o'erwhelm'd with Foes,
'Behold your HERO fainting in your Cauſe.
'Soon ſhall he fall 'midſt yon ſuperior Hoſt,
'And *Scotia* in her ſecond Hope be loſt.
'Forbid it Fate!---and thou, our gen'rous Prince,
'Forgive a Nevoy's undeſign'd Offence;
'O'erlook the Fault, and let me haſte to ſhare
'Yon bloody Field, and turn the Scale of War.
'So may kind Heav'n confirm thy Right Divine,
'And fix the Sceptre, ever, in thy Line.'

HE ſaid---The Monarch thus himſelf expreſt,
(The gen'ral Scene engroſſing, whole, his Breaſt)
'No Aid from us this Day ſhall skreen his Crime,
'My ſlighted Words, and his neglected Time.
'Let him, unſuccour'd, 'midſt yon furious Crowd,
'Feel his paſt Folly, and repent in Blood.'

He

[*Undeſign'd Offence.*] *Randolf* had been commanded by the King, to guard a Paſs near the Church, by which the Enemy behov'd to march to the Relief of *Stirling*;

He ſpoke, and thro' the Camp purſu'd his Way,
To view the Troops, and prediſpoſe the Day.
Still on the Spot the hardy *Douglas* ſtay'd,
Fix'd to his Purpoſe, and reſolv'd to aid:
When now the Foe, with Pleaſure, he beheld,
Looſe in their Ranks, and reeling in the Field:
Randolf and his, with unreſiſted Might,
Bearing down Crowds, and burſting thro' the Fight.
Then ſtopt th' intended Aid ---- leſt Aid had ſtain'd,
The Glory by ſuch Blood and Labour gain'd.
And now Lord *Clifford*'s Troops deſert the War,
And *Randolf* thunders on the flying Rear.
Back to their Hoſt retreats the routed Train,
And twice two Hundred breathleſs preſs the Plain.
Randolf returns, the Monarch graſpt his Hand,
And to their Reſt ordain'd the weary Band.

Stirling; but having neglected it, he was oblig'd to follow and attack them on the Plain, with Numbers much inferior to theirs.

By this the Night unuſual Darkneſs ſpreads,
And Heav'n and Earth involves in thickeſt Shades.
No Beams from *Cynthia*'s Silver Orb appear,
No leſſer Taper twinkles in the Sphere;
But Nature ſunk in ſable Horrors lay
Profound, and pregnant with the future Day.
Yet watchful *Bruce* exerts a Father's Care,
And thro' the ſilent Gloom explores the War.
Views all the Lines, now part in Slumbers loſt,
Part talking, wakeful, of the adverſe Hoſt.
In deep Attention, ſtill he march'd along,
And mark'd the whole Behaviour of the Throng:
In ev'ry Word, in ev'ry Geſture skill'd:
And as he went diſpos'd th' approaching Field.
Near to th' Entrenchments ſtood an ancient Fane,
The pious Structure of ſome former Reign.

Where

[*Unuſual Darkneſs* &c.] This was the more remarkable, upon Account of the Seaſon of the Year, it being on the 20th of *June*, when in theſe Climates there is little or no Darkneſs at all.

Where Midnight Vows employ the rev'rend Sires,
And twinkle in their Lamps the drowſy Fires,
Thither his private Oraiſons to pay,
Devout, the Monarch treads his ſilent Way.
The Prieſts receive him with Paternal Care;
But ſoon to Heav'n as he prefers his Pray'r,
Dreadful, thro' all the Skies loud Thunders roll,
And the thick Lightning gleams from Pole to Pole.
The Fathers, haſting to the Porch, eſpy,
Two flaming Armies Combat in the Sky.
The Legions ſeem'd to blaze in red Attire,
And all the viſionary War on Fire.
Then ſudden, in a Trail of flaſhy Light,
Downward bright *Ariel* ſhoots along the Night;
Straight to the King appears within the Shrine,
Celeſtial Glories round his Temples ſhine.
His flowing Robe in Azure Volumes roll'd,
Bright Sapphires blazing on Ætherial Gold,

(Pure radiant Gold of Heav'n, without Allay)
Around the Fane diffus'd a Flood of Day!
The gen'rous Monarch at the Sight amaz'd,
On the bright Form with awful Rev'rence gaz'd;
When *Ariel* thus. 'From Regions distant far,
'Beyond the Convex of yon arched Sphere;
'Where blissful Minds dissolv'd in Raptures ly,
'Or float on azure Pinions thro' the Sky;
'Or on the *Trine*'s immortal Glories gaze,
'Bask in the Beams, and live upon the Blaze:
'Down from those happy Seats, to thee I come,
'To soothe thy Cares ---- Not to unfold thy Doom.
'That secret lies beyond the Realms of Light,
'Far in the Womb of Fate, and wrapt in Night.
'To Heights of future Scenes in vain we soar,
'The sole, fix'd Priv'lege of eternal Pow'r!
'No more I know, but that to Morrow's Ray
'Is doom'd to finish this contended Sway.

'Thee

'Thee I beheld, with anxious Cares oppreſt,
'Alone to Heav'n reſign thy pious Breaſt.
'Go then, and boldly meet the ſtern Debate,
'Be ſtill thy ſelf, and leave th' Event to Fate.
'With pious Courage fraught, thy Fortune try,
'A Fortune not unfavour'd by the Sky.'
This ſaid, the Seraph ſwiftly wings his Way,
Mounts thro' the Spheres, and gains upon the Day.
Full of the wond'rous Scene, the Monarch trod
Back to the Camp his ſolitary Road;
Alone unto the Royal Tent repairs,
And a ſhort Slumber overſhades his Cares.

FROM Ocean now uprais'd, the God of Day,
Mournful and ſlow purſues his airy Way.
The fiery Car the Steeds, reluctant, roll,
Recoil, and ſcarce oppoſe the whirling Pole.
Condenſe the Vapours, not to feed the Blaze,
Or add freſh Fuel to decaying Rays;

But that the Beams might point Obliique, nor gild,
Direct, the Horrors of ſo dire a Field.

Now from *Falkirk*, by *Fortha*'s winding Coaſt,
In dreadful Order moves the South'ron Hoſt.
Men, Arms, and Steeds the Mountains ſhade afar,
And Valleys groan beneath the Load of War.
Unfurl'd in Air the golden Banners play,
And Clarions, Drums, and Trumpets rouſe the Day.
Adjoyning Hills the loud Alarm rebound,
And Rocks and Foreſts multiply the Sound.
Great in the Van, and awful as a God,
In Gems and Gold the mighty *Edward* rode.
Round him, all ſheath'd in Mail, a dreadful Line,
Three thouſand Warriors on barb'd Courſers ſhine.
Bold *Gloſter*, and *Bohun* a martial Knight,
Oxford, and *Kent*, and *Hertford* guard the Right.
The Left obeys ſly *Omphraville*'s Commands,
Joyn'd by *Corſpatrick*'s and by *Clifford*'s Bands.

The

The Troops from *Belgium*, and from *Gallia*'s Coaſt,
Make up the Centre of the martial Hoſt.
Monmouth, *Oneil*, and *Deſmont* next appear,
And with united Squadrons guard the Rear.
The quiver'd Bands around the Flanks diſpos'd,
On either Side the moving Battles clos'd.
In pompous Order thus the num'rous Train,
Forward advances to the deſtin'd Plain.

THRO' *Bruce*'s Hoſt next ring the loud Alarms,
And *Caledonian* Trumpets ſound to Arms.
All o'er the Camp the ready Squadrons ſtand,
And wait, impatient, for their Chief's Command.
Forth from his Tent advancing to the Lines,
The daring Monarch in bright Armour ſhines.
A cheerful Vigour ſparkles in his Eyes,
And o'er his Face the martial Terrors riſe.
Blaz'd his ſtrong Corſlet on his ample Breaſt,
And nodded on his Helm a bloody Creſt.

Faſt

Faſt by his Thigh bright ſhone his flaming Brand,
An Ax of Steel gleam'd in his better Hand.
The Legions joyful, on their Monarch ſtare,
And wonder at the Godlike *Form* of War.
The *Grampian* Chiefs, array'd in Warlike State,
With cheerful Pomp upon their Monarch wait.
And now to Battle arms each loyal Band,
And thick'ning Squadrons form along the Strand.
Glare in the Van the bold *Tæzalian* Lines,
And at their Head the noble *Randolf* ſhines.
Rang'd on the Right the Southern Legions ſtood,
And on their Front the fiery *Edward* rode.
With him experienc'd *Boyd* divides the Sway,
Sent by the King to guide him thro' the Day.
Before the *Weſt* upon the Left appears,
Young *Stuart*, and *Douglas* joyns his Border-Spears.
The other Chiefs their proper Stations held,
But *Theſe* the gen'ral Leaders of the Field.

In-

Inſtructed laſt the Rear in Order ſtood,
And at their Head the King, unuſual, rode.
But whilſt he views around th' embattled War,
The gen'rous *Keith* ſupplies his Maſter's Care.

AND now both Hoſts a Mile divided ſat,
A ſhort and anxious Interval of Fate;
When great *Caernarvan* waves his awful Hand,
And liſt'ning Thouſands round their Monarch ſtand.
Then thus. 'Behold, my Friends, our mighty Pow'rs,
'From *Britiſh* Climes conveen'd, and foreign Shores;
'Our Sire's immortal Laurels to maintain,
'And fix our Conqueſts o'er the *Grampian* Reign:
'Ev'n here your ſelves before have often fought,
'And frequent Ruin on the Rebels brought.
'This Day have we a mightier Force array'd,
'Than e'er, at once, our Sire's Commands obey'd.
'You then who ſtill with him victorious ſhone,
'Still conquer, nor degen'rate with the Son.

'Behold

'Behold how thin appear yon daſtard Bands,
'Scarce half ſufficient for our Soldiers Hands.
'Ev'n Thouſands here ſhall find no Foe to ſlay,
'But idly ſhare the Triumphs of the Day.
'Go then, my Friends, attack the puny Plain,
'And drive yon Handful, ſcatter'd, to the Main.
'Aſſert your own, aſſert your Monarch's Name,
'Let Death, or Fetters cruſh yon Rebel's Claim.'
He ſpoke---- With mingled Shouts reſounds the Air,
And all the eager Troops require the War.

Now the bold *Bruce* before the Centre ſtands,
And thus accoſts his *Caledonian* Bands.

'Fellows in Arms! long did our Sires oppoſe
'The haughty Inſults of ambitious Foes.
'Long hath our Country ſtruggled with her Fate,
'With *Pictiſh* Fraud, and *Saxons* ſavage Hate.
'Theſe too ſupported by *Auſonian* Pow'rs!
'How did the mighty Ruin ſpread her Shores?

What

'What Seas of Blood, what Mountains of the Slain,
'Choak'd ev'ry Vale, and ſtrow'd each purple Plain?
'Thus fell our Sires; or, drove by Sword and Flame,
'Fled far; and *Scotia* ſcarce remain'd a Name.
'Yet Heav'n, relenting Heav'n beheld her Fate,
'And arm'd the great Reſtorer of the State!
'From frozen Climes, and *Scythia*'s diſtant Strand,
'The Godlike Man collects the ſcatter'd Band.
'He came, he conquer'd, and her Right reſtor'd,
'Doom'd to the Sway, and *Albion*'s fated Lord.
'*Pictiſh* and *Saxon* Spoils his Triumphs grace,
'Theſe baniſh'd, thoſe a quite extinguiſh'd Race.
'Next from the *North*, where *Baltic* Billows rave,
'And *Cimbrian* Rocks the foamy Tempeſts lave;
'Againſt our Sires advance the ſwarming Train,
'Our hardy Sires, undaunted, take the Plain.

[*The Godlike Man*, &c.] *Fergus* II. who reſtor'd the Monarchy of *Scotland*, after it had been almoſt utterly extinguiſhed by the *Picts*, *Saxons* and *Romans*.

'Let wond'ring *Loncarty* record the Day,
'And to great *Kenneth* joyn the greater *Hay*.
'Let *Malcolm* next, and *Keith's* ſuperior Rage,
'And *Barry's* Field run Purple in the Page!
'When *Lochty's* Current, choak'd with Tides of Blood,
'Groan'd to the Ocean in a Crimſon Flood.
'For *Scotia's* Right thus ſtood the *Scots* of Old,
'Thus glare your Fathers in recording Gold.
'Such were their Acts, and ſuch their loyal Flame,
'Such Glories blaze around each deathleſs Name!
'And now, my Friends, this Day, methinks, I ſee
'Thoſe noble Patriots in their Progeny.
'This Day! the laſt of all our long Debate,
'The fix'd, important Period of our Fate.
'How does yon King in Gold and Jewels glare?
'What Pride of Armies! and what Pomp of War!
'Behold yon vaſt Array, yon ſwarming Hoſt,
'How the extended Legions cloud the Coaſt!

'This

'This Hour! this inſtant Hour of Fate demands
'Your Fathers Souls, and all your Fathers Hands.
'We know the Deeds of ev'ry doughty Sire,
'Nor ſhall we doubt their hardy Offspring's Fire.
'Methinks I ſee great *Graham* undaunted go,
'*'Gainſt Rome*'s proud Eagles, and the *Saxon* Foe.
'Here are his Sons, behold the manly Race,
'See how the Father threatens in their Face.
'Methinks I ſee the *Douglas*' Sire of Old,
'Red from his Toils, and reſting on the Mold;
'When the juſt Prince enquir'd the HERO's Name,
'And *Sholto Dow glas* pointed him to Fame.
'Already mention'd, needleſs I run o'er,
'The Trophies by our Sires obtain'd before.

[*And* Sholto Dow glas, &c.] This is ſaid by ſome to have happen'd in the Reign of *Soluathius* King of *Scots*, *Anno Dom.* 787. *to wit*, that in an Engagement betwixt the *Scots* and *Picts*, aided by the *Saxons*, the *Scots* were in a manner intirely routed; but the extraordinary Bravery of this *Dow glas* turn'd the Fortune of the Day, and procur'd the Victory to the *Scots*. The King enquiring who he was whom he had ſeen behave ſo gallantly, a Gentleman pointed him out, as he reſted himſelf on the Ground, and ſaid, *Sholto Dow glas*, ſee the *Black-grey* Man. The King loaded him with Honours, and his Family hath ever ſince bore that Name.

'This glorious Day ſhall ev'n eclipſe their Rage,
'And *Bannock-burn* roll redder in the Page;
'A new, a nobler *Æra* ſhall unfold,
'And *Scotia*'s Sons ſhall ſtand in brighter Gold.
'Pardon, my Friends, that I the Field delay,
'And ſtop with Words the Laurels of the Day;
'That I retard the Freedom of the State,
'Your Glory, and my own propitious Fate.
'Go on, brave *Scots*, and let each HERO's Fire
'Prove his bold Lineage, and aſſert his Sire.
'*Scotia* this Day demands her ancient Right,
'Tis *Scotia* arms her daring Sons to fight.
'The Pride, the Hate, the Tyranny you know,
'And all the Rage of yon relentleſs Foe:
'Think then, your Wives, and helpleſs Infants ſtand,
'And Weep for Safety at each Warrior's Hand.
'Dear Pledges! Let their Images remain
'Fix'd in your Souls, and bear you thro' the Plain.
'Let

'Let thoſe ſoft Ties of Life, your better Part,
'String ev'ry Nerve, and ſteel each HERO's Heart;
'Thro' ev'ry Scene of Action point your Way,
'And Heav'n, propitious, ſhall conduct the Day.'
He ſpoke——And Tears, indignant, ſwell'd their Eyes,
And furious Shouts to Battle tore the Skies.

BUT pious *Bruce*, in View of all the Hoſt,
Prone on the Earth his ſuppliant Body caſt;
His Hand apply'd unto his ſpotleſs Breaſt,
And thus the Father of the Skies addreſt.

'IMMORTAL Pow'r! Whoſe ſacred Voice, ſupreme,
'Spoke to Exiſtence this ſtupendous Frame;
'Who ſway'ſt the Nations with thy dreadful Nod;
'And Crowns, and trembling Thrones confeſs the God!
'If e'er with Lips unfeign'd my Vows I pay'd,
'If e'er my Soul a pure Oblation made;
'Regard my Suff'rings paſt, attend my Woes,
'And judge, O judge this Day thy Suppliant's Cauſe.

'If

'If I, unrighteous, fall before yon Foe,
'From thee, submiſſive, I receive the Blow.
'But if my Right th' Almighty's Aid can claim,
'Aid thou, and teach me to adore thy Name,'
The pious Monarch thus. And all the Bands,
With humble Hearts, and with uplifted Hands,
Devout, addreſs the Sov'reign Pow'r on high,
Confeſs their Guilt, and deprecate the Sky.

THIS done, advancing from the South'ron Train,
A Knight in ſhining Armour croſs'd the Plain.
His haughty Mien, and his gigantic Size
At once attracted ev'ry Warrior's Eyes.
The hardy Champion forth, diſdainful, rode,
And in his Reſt a Lance, enormous, ſtood.
Approaching, he defies each *Scottiſh* Knight,
And dares the Braveſt out to ſingle Fight.

Soon

[*A Knight in ſhining Armour*, &c.) This is ſaid to be Sir *Henry Boone*, or *Bohun*, of the Family of *Warwick*.

Soon as the King the Giant-Foe beheld
Alone defy his Legions on the Field;
The Steed he reins, and ruſhes o'er the Strand,
An Ax well temper'd charg'd his better Hand:
Dauntleſs he rode to meet the Champion's Force,
And the proud Knight begins his furious Courſe;
Full at the Monarch aims his Length of Spear,
Th' eluded Weapon ſpends its Strength in Air.
The Courſer bore him on, but as he paſt,
(Juſt where the Plume ſtood nodding on his Creſt)
A forceful Blow the Monarch aims with Skill,
Thro' Helm and Brain down ruſh'd the ſhining Steel.
Prone fell the Champion on the gory Strand,
And the ſtern Viſage threatned on the Sand.
This ſaw both Hoſts, and from th' important Sight,
Each takes the Omen of the future Fight.
Returns the King, his Worth each Boſom fires,
And ev'ry Leader to his Poſt retires.

And now both Armies for the Fight prepare,
And ſhriller Clangors animate the War.
Drums, Trumpets, Clarions blend their warlike Noiſe,
Ring up the Air, and eccho thro' the Skies.
Woods, Vales, and Mountains the Alarm rebound,
And Heav'n and Earth appear'd involv'd in Sound.

Say, Sacred Nine! the dreadful Scene relate,
And paint the Wonders of the Day of Fate!
Approach the Foe, Ten thouſand *Gloſter* heads,
Ten thouſand more the hardy *Hertford* leads.
Full on the *Scottiſh* Right they ſhape their Way,
Where *Edward*'s Legions lin'd the hollow Bay;
The hollow Bay thick ſet with Piles before,
And with factitious Turff diſſembled o'er.
Arm'd on rich Steeds the South'ron thither bound,
And plunge at once into the faithleſs Ground.
Five thouſand whole lay wallowing in the Shore,
And ſharpen'd Spikes Five thouſand Courſers gore.

Edward

Edward to War his Infantry commands;
Ruſh the fierce Foot amidſt th' entangled Bands.
Their fiery Leader thunders at their Head,
And faſt around the wid'ning Slaughter ſpread.
Warriors and Steeds lay in one Ruin mix'd,
By Craft ingulph'd, and ſecret Piles transfix'd.
The reſt, affrighted, from the fatal Coaſt,
Confus'dly flying, joyn'd the diſtant Hoſt.

AGAIN in Air the South'ron Banners play,
And Fifty thouſand iſſue to the Day.
The hardy *Monmouth* heads his *Cambrian* Force,
And *Oxford* joyns his *Trinobantian* Horſe.
To meet thoſe Battles dauntleſs *Edward* goes,
But looks for Aid againſt ſuch Odds of Foes.
Nor long expects.---- Before his hardy Lines,
Soon at his Side the noble *Randolf* ſhines.
In quick Battalia form'd each adverſe Train,
With double Rage commenc'd the ſecond Plain.

Together fast the Burst of Battle goes,
And to the Skies the Shouts, tremendous, rose.
As when loud Winds the foamy Surges sweep,
And from its Caverns tear the bellowing Deep;
Or, as fierce Flames their crackling Torrents pour
Thro' Mountain-Forests, and the Shades devour;
Just with such Rage the Hosts together bound,
Just so the Clamours thro' the Heav'ns resound.
Soon as the Crush of Spears obscures the Air,
At once unsheath'd the gleamy Fauchions glare.
From clashing Arms the blended Sparkles blaze,
And blushing Torrents form a crimson Maze.
Here haughty *Monmouth* thunders in his Might;
There hardy *Oxford* animates the Fight,
In vain. See where fierce *Edward* swims in Gore,
And *Randolf*'s mighty Arm lays waste the Shore.
See where the spreading Ruins of the Slain,
Thicken, and grow, and widen o'er the Plain!

In-

Incline the South'ron Ranks; nor longer dare
Oppoſe the Fury of the *Grampian* War.
Monmouth and *Oxford* ſee their Troops give way,
And, pierc'd with Wounds, themſelves forſake the Day.
Retreat the Legions to the gen'ral Hoſt,
And Twenty thouſand, lifeleſs, ſtrow the Coaſt.
The *Scots* ſoon rally, and their Standards joyn,
And the form'd Troops again in Order ſhine.

DOUBLY repuls'd, now all the South'ron War,
Fir'd with Reſentment, for the Field prepare.
In Gold array'd, and blazing Diamonds bright,
The mighty King rode foremoſt to the Fight.
Three thouſand Knights in Mail, ſeverely gay,
Rich on barb'd Steeds conduct him to the Day.
The long extended Legions fill the Train,
And crowding Nations thicken to the Plain.
Aloft, unfurl'd, the gilded Standards fly,
And all the Pomp of Battle ſtrikes the Sky.

Where *Edward*'s Legions and brave *Randolf*'s ſtood,
Rally'd, and reeking ſtill with recent Blood;
Array'd, the banded Squadrons proudly fare,
In all the dire Magnificence of War.
Unequal Match! But ere th' Attack begun,
Amidſt the Chiefs the doughty *Douglas* ſhone.
Three thouſand Bord'rers his Command obey,
Freſh to the Field, and ardent for the Day.
Him gallant *Stuart* in burniſh'd Armour joyns,
And to the Onſet leads his Weſtern Lines.
Heroic Youth! nor had five Luſtres ſhed
Their circling Seaſons o'er his blooming Head.

The Charge begins. The Hoſts together bound,
And Steeds and Warriors tumble on the Ground.
The craſhing Spears in Clouds of Splinters riſe,
Fierce thund'ring Hoſts, deep Groans and mingled Cries
Ring round the Foreſts; ecchoing Rocks reply,
And all the War redoubles in the Sky.

The

The Monarch's ſteely Guards, amidſt the Fight,
On *Edward*'s Legions pour their awful Might;
Edward as furious meets the Iron-Train,
And Heads and Helmets ring againſt the Plain.
Hibernian Foot, and *Gallia*'s warlike Horſe
Toward the noble *Randolf* bend their Courſe.
The noble *Randolf* 'gainſt thoſe Squadrons rode,
And foreign Gore ſoon ſwell'd the neighb'ring Flood.
What Wonders were by dreadful *Douglas* wrought?
And ev'n young *Stuart*, not undiſtinguiſh'd, fought.
But *Omphraville*, in Arts of War long skill'd,
Draws forth the South'ron Bowmen to the Field.
Rang'd to th' Attack, full Fifty thouſand came,
That drink the *Tine*, and *Humber*'s tumbling Stream.
From twanging Eughs the whizzing Tempeſts fly,
And Clouds of feather'd Fates obſcure the Sky.

BY this *Hyperion* on his radiant Car,
Flam'd in the Zenith of the middle Sphere.

And

And now th' unerring Balances on high,
Fram'd of pure Gold, depended from the Sky;
The Work of Art divine, to weigh the Fates
Of Rival Monarchs, and contending States;
Impartial Heav'n's Decrees ordain'd to prove,
And fix th' Eternal Equity above.
Bright in the azure Vault the Balance ſhone,
And *Britiſh* Fates in either Side are thrown.
Sinking more pond'rous, *Scotia*'s Lots prevail,
High mounts in Air, o'erpois'd, the South'ron Scale.

MEANWHILE the King, nor yet engag'd, beheld
The bold Encounters on the various Field;
Joyful had view'd his glorious Leaders fight
In all the Terrors of their Fathers Might;

But

[*Bright in the Azure Vault the Balance ſhone.*] This Piece of Machinery (if we may call it ſo) the Reader will find made Uſe of both by *Homer* and *Virgil*; nor is it any Invention of theirs, or, indeed, owing to the Pagan Theology. We have ſeveral Authorities for it in ſacred Writ, particularly that of *Daniel*, in the Account he gives of *Belſhazzar*'s Feaſt, *Chap.* 5. *v.* 27.

But now at laſt perceives the quiver'd Pow'r,
By crafty *Omphraville* well known before,
Rang'd on the hoſtile Flanks, in Order glare,
And gall with diſtant Wounds the *Scottiſh* War.
To Arms he calls, and Tribe by Tribe draws forth,
Array'd to Battle, the intrepid North.
Himſelf before the Squadrons takes the Plain,
And *Hay* and *Keith* and *Gordon* fill the Train.
His Troops *M'kenzie* to *M'donald* joyns,
And all the War in *Scythian* Armour ſhines.
The Dales around *Hebridian* Axes gild,
And boſſy Bucklers glimmer o'er the Field.
Detatch'd before, the noble *Marſchal* rode,
To quell the Fury of the Archer-Crowd.
Two thouſand Spears obey the Chief's Commands,
Fiercely they ruſh amidſt the quiver'd Bands.
The bold Detachment dealt deſtruction round,
Bows, Shafts and Warriors mingling on the Ground.

No

Nor able to ſuſtain their awful Might,
Back to the Rear the Archers wing their Flight.

By this the King, Majeſtically great,
Shines in the Centre of the Day of Fate!
Stern Terrors riſing brood upon his Brows,
And in his Looks the God of Battles glows.
Quick round the Field his piercing Eye-balls glare,
At once directed thro' each Scene of War.
Then as the Thunder, burſting from on high,
Drives thro' the gather'd Rack, and ſweeps the Sky;
While Clouds, diſſolv'd in mighty Torrents, pour
The ſounding Ruin round the delug'd Shore;
So ruſh'd the Monarch 'midſt the thickeſt Fight,
And flam'd in all the Wonders of his Might.
Gods! How his Rage the wid'ning Havock ſpread?
How thick around him roſe the growing Dead!
What Tides of rolling Gore from Ranks o'erthrown,
Unite, and ſwell, and deeper float the Lawn.

The Lawn! that, late, freſh crown'd with Verdure lay,
Now Groans with Death, and waves a Purple Sea.
The diſtant War, aſtoniſh'd, ſtopt its Courſe,
And, wond'ring, view'd his more than mortal Force.
The hardy *North*'s undaunted Sons engage,
And ſecond thro' the Field their Monarch's Rage.
The foreign Troops, amaz'd, for Flight prepare,
And ev'n the great *Caernarvan* dreads the War.
But *Omphraville* collects the ſtagg'ring Lines,
And at their Head once more that Leader ſhines.
Bold *Giles* the *Argentine* renown'd in Fame,
And long in foreign Fields a dreadful Name;
Recalls the *Belgian*, and the *Gallic* Horſe,
And joyns to *Omphraville* the rally'd Force.
The *Scottiſh* Battles, diſtant, on the Field,
Th' aſſembled Foe's freſh Rendezvous beheld;
From diff'rent Quarters their whole Troops combine,
And all at once the Monarch's Standard joyn.

The Monarch takes the Van, and all the Pow'r
Upon the Foe with dreadful Fury bore;
On them the hardy Foe as furious bound,
Deep groan'd beneath the Shock the trembling Ground.
The mighty Clash of Arms resounds in Air,
And Mountains eccho to the Din of War.
How did the *Bruce*, in all his dread Array,
Renew the former Wonders of the Day!
His Rage thro' ev'ry Scene of Battle ran,
Flam'd on the Flanks, or lighten'd in the Van.
Gods! How fierce *Edward* urg'd the stern Debate,
From his bold Hand what Warriors met their Fate!
In vain the *Gallic* Chief oppos'd his Pow'r,
Breathless by him extended on the Shore.
This *Belgium* saw, and *Gaul*'s astonish'd Horse,
And fled, disorder'd, from his dreadful Force.
Bold *Douglas*, *Randolf*, *Stuart*, exert their Might,
Thunder thro' Death, and drive the scatter'd Fight.

Their

Their Rage no more ſuſtains the hoſtile Band,
All diſarray'd, and reeling on the Strand.
And now the Sun had ſhot a fainter Ray,
His Car declining to the Weſtern Sea;
When from the Heights deſcend the *Scottiſh* Swains:
The Foe beheld, afreſh, the cover'd Plains.
They gaze ſome Time, aſtoniſh'd at the Sight,
Then all at once precipitate their Flight.
His Armies routed, and his Honour loſt,
The great *Caernarvan* leaves the bloody Coaſt.
To where loud Billows beat *Dumbartan* Shores,
He flies; and *Douglas* drives the ſcatter'd Pow'rs.
By Sea at laſt he gains his native Sway;
Dead in the Chaſe Three thouſand Victims lay.
Of hoſtile Corpſes (dreadful to relate)
Full Fifty thouſand gorg'd the Field of Fate.
Four hundred Spurs of Gold, *Equeſtrian* Spoils!
Part grace, and Part reward the *Grampian* Toils.

There *Lypont* fell, and *Gloceſter* the brave
From *Bruce*'s gen'rous Bounty found a Grave.
There the bold *Argentine*'s fam'd Laurels fade,
Mix'd with the Ruins of the vulgar Dead.
The *Argentine*, who never knew to yield,
And ſcorn'd to fly, inglorious, from the Field:
In diſtant Climes for martial Toils renown'd,
And thrice his Head with *Pagan* Triumphs crown'd.
Four thouſand *Scottiſh* Warriors yield their Breath,
Loyal in Life and glorious in their Death.
There *Wepont* fell, and *Raſs*, renown'd of Old,
But ſtill, in *Scotia*'s Annals, live in Gold.
While thrice the Sun his courſe Diurnal rolls,
And Shades, ſucceſſive, thrice involve the Poles;
Still *Bannock-burn* choak'd with a Tide of Gore,
Groan'd in deep Murmurs to its ghaſtly Shore.

Ed-

[*The bold* Argentine's, *&c.*] Sir *Giles* the *Argentine*, who commanded a part of the foreign Auxiliaries, was a brave Man, and had done ſignal Services abroad againſt the *Saracens*. He was call'd the *Argentine*, from *Argentina* a City of *Alſatia* in *Germany*, now *Strasburg*.

Edward eſcap'd; bold *Douglas* leads his Hoſt
Back to victorious *Bruce* by *Forth*a's Coaſt.
Conjoyn'd, to *Sterling* march'd the laurel'd War,
And Spoils of Nations load each groaning Car.
Vaſt Troops of captive Foes the Pomp adorn'd,
And haughty Chiefs in hoſtile Fetters mourn'd.
Chiefs who, eſtſoons by gen'rous *Bruce* diſmiſt,
Reſtor'd his Royal Conſort to his Breaſt.
Moubray the Fort ſurrenders, loyal grown,
And henceforth faithful to the *Scottiſh* Crown.

Now, glorious *Bruce* (all Oppoſition quell'd,
Each Faction cruſh'd, and ev'ry Foe repell'd)
Throughout the Provinces proclaims his Sway,
At once the willing Provinces obey.
From far *Pomona*'s Coaſt to *Solway*'s Shore,
Each Subject, loyal, owns his Sov'reign Pow'r.
His Friends rewarded, and his Hoſt diſmiſt,
With Bounty loaded, and with Freedom bleſt;

Each

Each Office he inveſts with due Command,
Diſpenſes Laws, and conſtitutes the Land.
No more dare foreign Foes his Right invade,
No more dares Faction lift its Rebel-head.
No more the *Grampian* Swain in Battle bleeds,
But to the Sword the peaceful Rake ſucceeds.
The lab'ring Hind, free from oppreſſive Toil,
Turns the rich Furrows of his native Soil;
In Freedom, Peace and Plenty waſtes the Day,
And all th' Indulgence of a righteous Sway.
No longer *Caledonia* now deplores,
Her ruin'd Cities, and her deſart Shores;
Her Cities, round, their ancient Splendor gain,
And golden Harveſts wave on ev'ry Plain.
At home rever'd, abroad diffus'd by Fame,
Thro' diſtant Climes reſounds the *Bruſſian* Name.

Thus far the Muſe, in unambitious Strains,
Hath ſung the Monarch ſweating on the Plains.

Immers'd

Immers'd in Ills, with Perils long beſet,
(Glorious in Patience, and reſign'dly great!)
Till by Degrees he gain'd upon his Foes,
Grew in Diſtreſs, and on his Dangers roſe;
Triumphant 'midſt the Spoils of Nations ſhone:
And now unrival'd, mounts his native Throne;
Where regal Ore, and Gems his Brows infold,
And everlaſting Laurels ſhade the Gold.

WHILE circling Spheres their endleſs Rounds ſhall run
And feel the genial Influence of the Sun;
While Earth ſhall daily on her Axle roll,
And the ſlow Wain attend the freezing Pole;
While Monthly Moons their Revolutions keep,
By Turns ſhall raiſe, and ſink by Turns the Deep;
While *Fortha*, ſpacious, rolls her winding Waves,
And *Tay*'s rich Stream *Æneian* Borders laves;
Still dear to *Albion* be her *Bruce*'s Fame,
Sacred his Merit, and rever'd his Name.

So

So may juſt Heav'n maintain her ancient Crown,
And *Banquho*'s Race for ever fill her Throne.
May both, ye Gods! one final Period know,
THAT ceaſe to rule, and *Fortha* ceaſe to flow.

FINIS.

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